

From The National Review.

HASHISH.

*The Chemistry of Common Life.* By J. F. W. Johnston. 1856. 8vo.

*Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain; or, the Lands of the Saracen.* By Bayard Taylor. London, 1855. 8vo.

*Thèse pour le Doctorat en Médecine: Du Haschisch, son Histoire, ses Effets physiologiques et thérapeutiques.* Par J. M. E. Berthault. Paris, 1854. 4to.

*The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.* By J. Pereira. Fourth Edition. London, 1855. 8vo.

*The Travels of Marco Polo.* Edited by H. Murray. New York, 1845. 8vo.

*Du Haschisch, et de l'Aliénation mentale.* Par J. Moreau. Paris, 1845. 8vo.

GOETHE says,

"They are not shadows which produce a dream: I know they are eternal, for they are."

The phenomena of the human mind, in transient and abnormal states, derive a startling interest from the reflection, that under certain conditions these states may possibly become normal and permanent. At all events, dreams, insanities, opium-visions, moments of poetic and religious ecstasy, and so forth, are revelations of the *capacity* of the soul for degrees of pain, bliss, and spiritual activity, which life in its ordinary course gives no conception of; and as such, these exaltations and perturbations of the spirit have a significance which no one, who is not wholly absorbed in secular interests, will be disposed to disregard. An apprehension of this significance has, with some nations, surrounded the madman with a divine awe; and has at all times, and with all people, produced a curiosity in the observation of such phenomena, which the ridicule of a material philosophy has not been able to subdue. There are few persons who have not received, in dreams, in moments of religious contemplation, or during some passing gust of unaccountable emotion, such revelations of what they are capable of, for good or evil, as, if they are wise, will be treasured up in their memory as the pearls of their experience. But the higher or deeper these revelations are, the more difficult does it become to retain any effectual impression of them. The poet says of such experiences:

"What's that, which, ere I ask'd, was gone—

So joyful and intense a spark,  
That, whilst o'er head the wonder shone,  
The day, before but dull, grew dark?  
I do not know; but this I know,  
That, had the splendor liv'd a year,  
The truth that I some heavenly show  
Did see could not be now more clear.  
This know I too: might mortal breath  
Express the passion then inspired,  
Evil would die a natural death,  
And nothing transient be desired;  
And error from the world would pass,  
And leave the senses pure and strong  
As sunbeams. But the best, alas,  
Has neither memory nor tongue."

Very nearly resembling these, for the most part unaccountable and indescribable mood of the spirit, are the states of mind which are sometimes produced in persons of highly intellectual and imaginative constitution, like Coleridge and De Quincey, by the use of narcotics. The states so produced seem generally to have been of a lower, and therefore more communicable, nature than those which arise involuntarily; and we have several brilliantly written records of the "happiness" which may be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; the portable ecstasies that may be had corked-up in a pint bottle; and the peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. The interest attaching to these states, though inferior, is, however, of the same class and kind; and no one can read the accounts of Coleridge, De Quincey, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Madden, Dr. Moreau, M. Berthault, and others, without an increased sense of the mysteries and capabilities of his spiritual being.

The temperament which is susceptible of exaltation by narcotics into a rapturous or vision-beholding condition, seems happily to be rare in northern climates. A predisposing warmth and activity of imagination—a common quality with eastern races, but a rare one with us—is absolutely necessary to enable a man to become an "opium-eater" to any purpose. The ordinary effect of the more powerful narcotics upon an Englishman, when they do not make him simply very ill, "is," says Dr. Christison, in his *Treatise on Poisons*, "merely to remove

torpor and sluggishness, and to make him, in the eyes of his friends, an active and conversable man." The reaction of narcotics upon the nerves, when largely used, is, however, so immediate and disagreeable a penalty, that the English are in no danger whatever of becoming a nation of opium or hashish debauchees; and we feel no compunction in placing before them an account of some of those exceptional cases in which the results have been sufficiently delightful to constitute a temptation to one of the most ruinous species of debauchery.

The statistics of narcotics, and the phenomena attending the use of them in the climates to which they seem to be more particularly suited, deserve more attention as an element of "general knowledge" than they have received. Those who would be fully informed upon the subject, will find it very well treated of in Nos. 8 and 9 of Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*. The five great narcotics, which are articles of national consumption in one part of the world or another, are—tobacco, opium, hemp, betel, and coca. Tobacco is the one universal narcotic; the others are consumed by the human race in the following proportions: opium by four hundred millions, hemp (*i. e.* hashish) by between two and three hundred millions, betel by one hundred millions, and coca by ten millions. Besides these, Siberia has its narcotic fungus; the Polynesian Islands their ava; New Granada and the Himalayas their thorn-apples; the Florida Indians their emetic-holly; Northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale, &c. "No nation so ancient," says Johnston, "but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times; none so remote or isolated, but has found within its own borders a pain-allayer and narcotic care-dispeller. . . . No other crops, except corn, and perhaps cotton, represent more commercial capital, or are the subjects of a more extended and unailing traffic, and the source of more commercial wealth."

Besides the various effects which are common to all the principal narcotics, each has characteristics of its own. Hashish produces real catalepsy, and exaggerates rather than perverts the reports of the senses as to external objects; the thorn-apple, on the other hand, causes truly spectral illusions, and enables the Indian to converse with the

spirits of his ancestors. The Siberian fungus gives insensibility to pain without interfering with consciousness. The common puff-ball stops all muscular action, but leaves the perceptive powers untouched. *Cocculus indicus* makes the body drunk, without affecting the mind. Coca has the wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exertion. The effects of the different narcotics are not only peculiar, but often opposed. Opium and hashish, common in many of their effects, are opposite in this, that the former diminishes sensibility to external impressions, whereas the latter almost infinitely increases it. Betel is even an antidote to opium, as tea is to alcohol. Tobacco suspends mental activity; opium and hashish increase it a thousand-fold.

Psychologically, opium and hashish are by far the most interesting of the narcotics; and of these two, hashish, though the less known, indubitably bears the palm. They have, however, many qualities in common. We seem to be reading of the Eastern "hashish-ins" in Lord Macartney's description of the Japanese opium-eaters. "They acquire an artificial courage; and when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." The term "running a-muck" is said to be derived from the cry, "Amok, amok!" meaning "Kill, kill," with which they accompany their fantastic crusade. On one occasion a Japanese was "running a-muck" in Batavia, and "had killed several people, when he was met by a soldier, who ran him through with his pike. But such was the desperation of the infuriated man, that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together." While such is not uncommonly the effect of opium, as of hashish, in the East and in tropical climates, the ordinary influence of both these drugs in northern countries is described by De Quincey in the contrast he draws between the effects of opium and alcohol: "Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it: wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness and a

vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active and passive; and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health." Dr. Madden's description of his feelings under the influence of opium exactly corresponds to the effect of a dose of hashish just insufficient to produce the *fantasia*: "My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure. . . . In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. . . . The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated, that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day." When, however, hashish is taken in large doses, it produces effects more extraordinary than those of any other drug of its class; and, as being the most singular and the least known of the narcotics, it deserves a special notice.

The narcotic principle of hemp is very imperfectly developed in northern climates, although the plant rivals wheat and the potato in its power of self-adaption to almost every soil and temperature. The narcotic quality resides in the sap; it is a resin. The odor of a hemp-field, and the giddiness and headache which attack persons remaining long in it, prove the existence of this resin in the northern plant; but it is only in the East that it exists in such quantities as to render its extraction practicable. In India, Persia, and Egypt, however, the resin spontaneously exudes from all parts of the herb in sufficient quantities to be gathered by the hand. In Central India men with leather aprons rush about among the hemp-plants, which deposit

their balsam upon that primitive garment. This even is dispensed with sometimes, and the Coolies receive the precious gum upon their naked skins. The "*churrus*" of Herat, which is one of the most powerful species of the narcotic, is obtained by pressing the hemp in cloths. The resin is not always separated from its parent plant, which is in some places gathered when in flower, dried, and sold in bundles. In this state it is the *gunjah* of Calcutta. The larger leaves and seed-pods are denominated *bang*. The tops and tender shoots, and the pistils of the flowers, are *hashish par excellence*; and this is the form in which it is usually smoked. The name *hashish* also belongs to an extract from the *gunjah*, obtained by boiling it with butter. The *gunjah*,—that is to say, the entire plant,—when boiled in alcohol, yields as much as one-fifth of its weight of pure resin. In the East the hashish is made up into various kinds of sweet-meats.

In one form or another, hashish seems to have been known to Eastern nations from very early times. The following is the passage of Herodotus which is alluded to by most of those who have written about the resin of hemp:

"They who have been engaged in the performance of these [funeral] rites [of the Scythians], afterwards use the following mode of purgation. After thoroughly washing the head, and then drying it, they do thus with regard to the body: they place in the ground three stakes inclining towards each other; round these they bind pieces of wool as thickly as possible; and finally, into the space betwixt the stakes they throw red-hot stones. They have among them a species of hemp resembling flax, except that it is both thicker and larger. . . . The Scythians take the seed of this hemp; and placing it beneath the woollen fleeces, . . . they throw it upon the red-hot stones, when immediately a perfumed vapor ascends stronger than from any Grecian stove. This to the Scythians is in the place of a bath; and it excites from them cries of exultation."

Dioscorides and Galen allude to certain properties of hemp as a pain-allayer. M. Virey has endeavored to show that the

"Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,"

must have been no other than hashish. This drug seems always to have been known to the Egyptians; who of old argued, according to Diodorus Siculus, that Homer must have

lived in their country, from his possession of the secret known to the women of Egyptian Thebes. Pliny mentions hemp as adverse to virile power. In the *Arabian Nights* hashish is mentioned under the name of *beng*. But the chief historical interest of the drug is in connection with the strange and formidable sect of the Ishmaelites, who, in the time of the Crusades, spread throughout and beyond the Mussulman world a terror out of all proportion to their numbers. By means of this narcotic, the chief of the sect, the "Old Man of the Mountain," obtained over his followers an influence more absolute than has ever, before or since, been possessed by one man over others. Henry Count of Champagne visited the leader of the sect, who took him to the top of a high tower, on the battlements of which were stationed men in white robes. "I doubt," said the Old Man, "whether you have any subjects so obedient as mine;" and, making a sign to two of the sentinels upon the tower, they precipitated themselves from it, and were dashed to pieces. Summoned by the envoy of a powerful enemy to submit, the sheik called a soldier, and ordered him to kill himself, which he forthwith did. "Tell your master," said the Ishmaelite, "that I have sixty thousand men who would do the same." Marco Polo's romantic and picturesque account of the discipline by which this terrible sect of the "Assassins" was created and maintained seems to be true in its main features:

"You shall hear all about the Old Man of the Mountain, as I Marco Polo heard related by many persons. He was called in their language Alaodin; and had caused to be formed in a valley between two mountains the largest and most beautiful garden that ever was seen. There grew all the finest fruits in the world; and it was adorned with the most beautiful houses and palaces, the interior being richly gilded, and furnished with finely-colored pictures of birds and beasts, and the most striking objects. It contained several conduits, through which flowed water, wine, honey, and milk. Here were ladies and damsels, unequalled in beauty and the skill with which they sang and played on instruments of every description. Now the Old Man made his people believe that this garden was Paradise; and he formed it there because Mohammed had given the Saracens to believe that those who went into that place would meet great numbers of

beautiful women, and find rivers of water, wine, milk, and honey: hence the visitors were led to think that this was really Paradise. Into this garden he admitted no man, except those whom he wished to make Assassins. The entry to the spot was commanded by a castle so strong, that he did not fear any power in the world. He kept in his court all the youths of the country between twelve and twenty years of age; and when he thought proper, selected a number who had been well instructed in the description of Paradise. He gave them a beverage which threw them into a deep sleep, then carried them into the garden and made them be awakened. When any one of them opened his eyes, saw this delightful spot, and heard the delicious music and songs, he really believed himself in the state of blessedness. When again, however, he was asleep, he was brought out into the castle; when he awoke in great wonder, and felt deep regret at having left that delightful abode. He then went humbly to the Old Man, worshipping him as a prophet. . . . The chief then named to him a great lord whom he wished him to kill. The youth cheerfully obeyed; and if in the act he was taken and put to death, he suffered with exultation, believing that he was to go into the happy place. . . . Thus scarcely any one could escape being slain, when the Old Man of the Mountain desired it."

Marco Polo's account is corroborated by Arabian writers; and the historian Von Hammer does not dispute its probable veracity. Sylvestre de Sacy has demonstrated that the word "assassin" is a corruption of *hashishin*, and has provided us with much curious information on the subject of hashish. The following account of the discovery of the herb—or rather one of its discoveries, for we have seen that it was known to the ancients—is taken by M. Sylvestre de Sacy from the Arabic:

"In the year 658 [of the Hegira], I asked the Scheik Djafar Schirazi, the son of Mohammed, and monk of the order of Haider, how the properties of this drug came to be discovered; and how, after being confined to the Fakirs, its use became general. This was his answer: 'Haider, the chief of all the scheiks, practised many exercises of devotion and mortification. He took but little nourishment, carried his detachment from every thing belonging to the world to a surprising extreme, and was of the most extraordinary piety. . . . He himself lived alone in a corner of his convent, and there passed more than ten years without going out or seeing



any one but myself. One very hot day the scheik went out alone into the country; and when he returned, we remarked an air of joy and cheerfulness on his countenance very different from its usual appearance. He allowed his Fakir companions to visit him, and began conversing with them. When we saw the scheik thus humanized. . . . we asked him the cause of so surprising a circumstance. . . . He replied, . . . "I noticed that every plant was in a state of perfect calm, without experiencing the least agitation, by reason of the extreme heat, and the absence of the slightest breath of wind; but passing by a certain plant, I observed that it waved gracefully with a gentle swaying, as if inebriated by the fumes of wine. I began plucking the leaves of this plant and eating them; and they have produced in me the gaiety you have noticed." "

The poet Mohammed Dimaschki, the son of Ali, also attributes the discovery to the Sheik Haider, in an ode of which these are specimen passages:

"Leave wine, and take instead the cup of Haider, which exhales the smell of amber. Never has wine evoked the delight which is produced by this beneficent cup: close your ears, then, to the madman who would dissuade you from the draught. . . . Never has the priest of a Christian sacrifice mingled the juice of it in his profane goblet."

Another poet, Ahmed, Halebi, likewise attributes the discovery to Haider; and celebrates particularly one of the properties for which the herb is famous in the East, in verses which M. S. de Sacy thus renders into French:

"Telle jeune beauté a la taille légère, que j'avais toujours vue prête à prendre la fuite, dont jamais le visage ne s'était offert à mes regards qu'avec les traits farouches d'une fierté cruelle.

"Je l'ai rencontrée un jour avec un visage riant, une humeur douce et facile, et toutes les grâces d'une société pleine de douceur et de charmes.

. . . . . "Je lui ai témoigné ma reconnaissance de ce qu'à tant de rebuts avait enfin succédé un accueil favorable.

"Tu n'en es pas redevable, m'a-t-elle répondu, au caractère que j'ai reçu de la nature. Rends grâces à celui qui t'a concilié mes faveurs, au vin de l'indigent:

"C'est le haschisch, l'herbe de la joie . .

"Veux-tu te rendre maître à la chasse d'une jeune et timide gazelle? aie soin qu'elle pousse le feuillage du chavvre."

As a set-off against the praises of hashish by the Arabic poets, let us hear what an

Arabic physician says: "Let us turn aside from the erroneous paths of men. The truth is, that there is nothing more injurious to the human constitution than this herb." Alaed-din, son of Nefis, also bears witness: "I have had ample experience; and I have seen that the use of this drug produces low inclinations, and debases the soul. The faculties of those who take it are degraded more and more; so that at last, so to say, they have none of the attributes of humanity left." Makrizi (translated by M. de Sacy) tells us, that for a long period it was considered disgraceful to eat hashish; and that laws were made against the use of it, one of which was, that the offender should have all his teeth extracted. "But at last, in the year 815, this cursed drug began to be publicly used . . . . and the most refined persons were not ashamed of making presents of it to one another. The consequence was, that villainess of sentiment and manners became general; shame and modesty vanished from among men; they learned to boast of their vices; and nothing of manhood remained but the form."

Let us now set before our readers such authentic personal experiences as we have been able to collect from books and otherwise. These accounts of the "pleasures of hashish" carry their antidote with them; and few, we imagine, will be disposed to become "assassins" under penalties so unpleasant as we shall set before them.

M. Moreau, who has gone more fully into the subject of the effects of hashish upon the human system than any other writer, concludes that there is not only an analogy, but an identity, between the mental conditions of insanity and *fantasia* produced by this narcotic. Even the general exhilaration, which is the result of a moderate dose of hashish, closely resembles that which is very frequently the precursor of a paroxysm of madness. This exhilaration is thus described by M. Moreau:

"It is real *happiness* which is produced by hashish; an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as might be imagined. . . . For the hashish-eater is happy, not like the gourmand, or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his desires; but like one who hears news that fill him with joy, or like the miser counting his stores, or

the successful gambler, or the ambitious man in the moment of attainment."

In a more advanced stage of the intoxication

"We become the sport of impressions of every kind. The course of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, so to speak, by every wind. By a word or a gesture, our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects with a rapidity and lucidity truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride corresponding to the exaltation of its faculties. Those who make use of hashish in the East, when they wish to give themselves up to the *fantasia*, withdraw themselves carefully from every thing that could give a melancholy direction to their delirium. They take all the means which the dissolute manners of the East place at their disposal; . . . and they find themselves almost transported to the Paradise of the Prophet."

Under the influence of hashish, M. Moreau has frequently found distance immensely exaggerated, every thing appearing to the eye as it does through the wrong end of an opera-glass. Such are frequently the illusions of true insanity. But in nothing are the hashish-visions and lunseiy so curiously identified as in the consciousness and partial power of will which commonly characterizes both. For a time the power of hashish may be yielded to or not, at the choice of the will; and it is only in extreme intoxication that the vision are wholly uncontrollable. "The marked correspondence," says a writer in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, "between the phenomena of insanity and those which are induced by the introduction of such substances into the blood, must not be overlooked in any attempt to arrive at the true pathology of the former condition, or to bring it within the domain of the therapeutic art."

M. Berthault, in his *Thesis for the Doctor's Degree*, gives the best summary of the physical and psychical effects of hashish which we have met with; he also adds some interesting experiences of his own as to the *fantasia*. One day he had swallowed a large dose; and while under the effect of it, the band of a regiment of dragoons suddenly began to play beneath his windows. Never, he tells us, had he known what music was till then. His perceptive powers were so much intensified, that he became able to distinguish the

part taken by each instrument in the band as well as the leader of an orchestra could have done. He experienced, in a remarkable degree, that extraordinary *materialization* of ideas, which seems to be one of the most constant effects of the drug when taken in large quantities. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colors, intertwisting, waving, and knotting themselves in a manner apparently the most capricious: "untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony," says Milton; and what occurs to the poet as the best figure under which to represent his idea, with the hashish-eater assumes reality. The experience of Theodore Gaultier, the artist, when under the effects of hashish, was curiously the converse of that of M. Berthault. Colors to him represented themselves as sounds, which produced very sensible vibrations and undulations of the air. M. Berthault's hallucination of the ribbon after a while changed; but only to become more material and tangible. Each note became a flower; and there were as many different kinds of flowers as notes; and these formed wreaths and garlands, in which the harmony of the colors represented that of the sounds. The flowers soon gave place to precious stones of various kinds; which rose in fountains, fell again in cascades, and streamed away in all directions. The next phase of the vision will at once suggest Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, our readers will remember, was written under a similar inspiration. The band began to play a waltz: with the change of the measure the vision entirely changed: M. Berthault found himself in a multitude of saloons gorgeously decorated and illuminated. All these apartments merged into one, surmounted by an enormous dome, which was built of colored crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved, and beyond its vanishing walls appeared another far more glorious. This gave way to a third, more splendid still; and this again to a congeries of domes one upon the other, and each more gorgeous than any of its predecessors. At the same time there appeared the vision of an innumerable assemblage executing a frantic waltz, and rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall.

From a great number of experiments made

on himself and others, M. Berthault concludes that the most constant effect of hashish is a great exaggeration of the perceptions of the senses or the emotions of the mind, *whatever these may be* at the time. Sorrow according to his experience, is not dissipated by hashish, as its eastern panegyrics say, but intensified. The slightest feeling of personal irritation or resentment becomes a deadly revenge; the gentlest affection is transformed to the most passionate love; ordinary fear is changed into overwhelming terror; courage to headlong rashness, and so forth. Of all means of illustrating the powers of hashish, there is nothing, he says, like music. He professes to have repeatedly witnessed persons carried through the most opposite conditions of mind, in a space of time incredibly short, by variations of music played to them during their hallucination. He further remarks that persons in this condition can be *guided* in their visions by a looker-on; a condition reminding us strongly of that strange state of mind produced by the manipulations of the "electro-biologist." With the following curious extract we take our leave of M. Berthault:

"Plusieurs de mes amis m'ont raconté que dans les Dombes, à l'époque où l'on recolt le chanvre (hemp), les femmes chargées de cette besogne entrent parfois dans les accès de fureur, attaquent les passants, et, semblables à des Bacchantes, se livrent à des débauches; . . . elles emploient, dit-on, la violence contre ceux qui voudraient les résister; on les a même vues parfois se livrer à des actes d'une barbarie et d'une cruauté digne des temps anciens."

The following account we give from a private source. The friend who sends it to us is a man of highly nervous temperament:

"My experience of the effects of hashish is as follows. I have taken it six or seven times in the solid form, as pills, and about as many times as alcoholic extract. The latter seems to act more powerfully than the former, the quantities being alike. Five drops of the alcoholic extract, taken on a lump of sugar after tea, produce a very appreciable and agreeable exhilaration, resembling, more than any thing else I know, the effect upon the spirits of the first real spring day in the year. The circulation of the blood seems to be increased, the beats of the heart become perceptible, and a peculiarly *genial* condition of moral and physical being is induced, which does not at all resemble the improved state of feeling that arises from the season-

able use of wine, tea, or coffee. I have taken five or ten drops every evening for several days, without any apparent reaction upon the nervous system. A dose of fifteen drops increased the pulsations of the heart so as to produce a feeling of anxiety and restlessness; though taken five or six hours before going to bed, it kept me awake half the night, and when I went to sleep caused a succession of very vivid and distressing dreams. The following day my nerves were sensibly the worse; any sudden noise or movement startled and annoyed me, and I felt *blasé* and indisposed to exertion, mental or bodily. A similar dose on another occasion produced similar effects. I have twice tried to produce the *fantasia* by taking large doses, but have failed each time; and the effects upon my nerves have been so evidently injurious, that I have not thought it prudent to repeat the experiment with a larger quantity. On one occasion I swallowed five hashish-pills (each an ordinary dose); and went straight to bed, in order to avoid betraying the effects, which I expected would follow, to others. I experienced no exaltation or derangement of mind whatever, but found that my senses were rendered extraordinarily acute. The ticking of my watch sounded louder than that of a kitchen clock; and the slight noises one hears at night, from changes of temperature in the timbers of the house, &c., were quite startling. The nearest approach to the hashish-visions I experienced was on looking at the picture of a lady, which hung near me; the countenance, to the best of my faculty of seeing, really did smile and laugh and vary its expression from moment to moment, and the figure became rounded and living and seemed to stir in its frame; and now and then the face which was a very beautiful one, assumed a ghastly or ludicrous expression. After a while I put the light out, and tried to get to sleep; but could not, on account, as it seemed, of the strong palpitations of my heart. I had no true sleep the whole night; but only a condition of doze; disturbed by unpleasant and half-conscious dreams. The next day, and for two or three days after that, my nerves were miserably unstrung. I was incapable of thinking two consecutive thoughts; I was quite untouched by ordinary causes of interest and pleasure; my temper was irritable in the extreme, and altogether I felt as I had felt only once before when several weeks of severe illness had prostrated my mental and physical strength, and left my nerves relaxed and incapable of any but disagreeable impressions. On another occasion I took a still larger dose, *i. e.* sixty drops of the alcoholic extract; but still failed to evoke the spirit of hashish. I ex-

perienced, indeed, something of that extraordinary exaggeration of the idea of time which most hashish-eaters have described: actions and movements which could not have occupied seconds, seemed to occupy minutes; but besides this nothing wonderful happened. The subsequent nervous effect,—I cannot call it reaction, when there had been so little action,—was as unpleasant as before; and I can thoroughly comprehend how a course of hashish-eating must end in the degrading deterioration of the mental and moral character described by eastern travellers and others. The following day in the presence of a very slight danger,—one which would not have in the least degree affected me at another time,—I felt cowed, incapable, and terrified. I have resolved not to repeat an experiment which has twice proved so disagreeable. As to the very small doses, they seem to be harmless and agreeable in their effect, under one condition, that while their action lasts, the mind and body remain inactive. Any exertion of thought, even so much as in writing a letter, destroys the agreeable effect, and changes it to a feeling of impatience and feverishness."

Mr. Bayard Taylor has placed on record the results of two experiments on the effects of hashish. The first was while he was in a boat upon the Nile. He took the narcotic in a mild form and moderate quantity, and describes his sensations as being "physically, of exquisite lightness and airiness; mentally, of a wonderfully keen perception of the ludicrous in the most simple and familiar objects." While the fit lasted, he was perfectly able to observe and reflect upon his feelings. "I noted with careful attention the fine sensations which spread through the whole tissue of my nervous fibre, each thrill helping to divest my frame of its earthly and material nature, until my substance appeared to me no grosser than the vapors of the atmosphere. The objects by which I was surrounded assumed a strange and whimsical expression. My pipe, the oars which my boatman plied, the turban worn by the captain, the water-jars and culinary implements, become in themselves so inexpressibly absurd and comical, that I was provoked into a long fit of laughter. The hallucination died away as gradually as it came, leaving me overcome with a soft and pleasant drowsiness, from which I sank into a deep refreshing sleep." This experiment, Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us, only excited his curiosity, and prompted him for once to throw himself wholly under

the influence of the drug. Being at Damascus with an English gentleman and his wife and a brother American, he determined upon a repetition of the narcotic dose in an intenser form; and the two other gentlemen of the party agreed to join him in the trial. A dragoman, on being commissioned to procure the drug, demanded, in the *lingua franca* of the East, whether he should purchase hashish "*per ridere, o per dormire*." "Oh, *per ridere*, of course," was the answer. It seems that it is the custom with the Syrians "to take a small portion immediately before the evening meal, as it is thus diffused through the stomach, and acts more gradually, as well as more gently, upon the system." The Englishman objected to Mr. Taylor's proposal to take it, following the Syrian example, at dinner; and it was agreed that it should be in the evening, when the parties under its influence might be more in private, and retire, if they pleased, to their separate apartments. Not knowing the proper quantity to take, and finding that a teaspoonful of the preparation had no immediate effect, an additional dose was swallowed by each of the three, and its effect hastened by a cup of hot tea. It appeared afterwards, that they had taken at least six times the proper quantity. We have to thank this accident for by very much the most curious and amusing account we have read of the effects of this extraordinary drug:

"I was seated alone nearly in the middle of the room, talking with my friends, who were lounging upon a sofa placed in a sort of alcove at the further end, when the same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied by a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach; and instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation, of the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood, instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward and tumbled into ruin; and, without thinking what form I wore,—losing sight even of all idea of form,—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood, pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether,



and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together, and there shone the sun. It was—though I thought not of that at the time—like a revelation of the mystery of omnipresence. It is difficult to describe this sensation, or the rapidity with which it mastered me. In the state of mental exaltation in which I was then plunged, all sensations, as they rose, suggested more or less coherent images. They presented themselves to me in a double form: one physical, and therefore to a certain extent tangible; the other spiritual, and revealing itself in a succession of splendid metaphors. The physical feeling of extended being was accompanied by the image of an exploding meteor, not subsiding into darkness, but continuing to shoot from its centre or nucleus—which corresponded to the burning spot at the pit of my stomach—incessant adumbrations (?) of light, that finally lost themselves in the infinity of space. . . . My curiosity was now in a way of being satisfied; the spirit (demon shall I not rather say?) of hashish had entire possession of me. I was cast upon this flood of his illusions, and drifted helplessly whithersoever they might choose to bear me. The thrills which ran through my nervous system became more rapid and fierce, accompanied by sensations that steeped my whole being in unutterable rapture. I was encompassed by a sea of light, through which played the pure harmonious colors that are born of light. While endeavoring, in broken expressions, to describe my feelings to my friends, who sat looking upon me incredulously, not yet having been affected by the drug, I suddenly found myself at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. The tapering courses of yellow limestone gleamed like gold in the sun; and the pile rose so high, that it seemed to lean for support upon the blue arch of the sky. I wished to ascend it; and the wish alone placed me immediately upon its apex. . . . I cast my eyes downward; and to my astonishment saw that it was built, not of limestone, but of huge square plugs of Cavendish tobacco. . . . I writhed in my chair in an agony of laughter, which was only relieved by the vision melting away like a dissolving view; till another and more wonderful vision arose. . . . I despair of representing its exceeding glory. I was moving over the desert, not upon the rocking dromedary, but seated in a barque made of mother-of-pearl, and studded with jewels of surpassing lustre. The sand was of grains of gold; the air was radiant, though no sun was to be seen; I inhaled the most delicious perfumes; and

harmonies, such as Beethoven may have heard in dreams, but never wrote, floated around me. The atmosphere itself was light, odor, music; and each and all sublimated beyond any thing the sober senses are capable of receiving. Before me, for a thousand leagues, as it seemed, stretched a vista of rainbows. . . . By thousands and tens of thousands they flew past me, as my dazzling barge sped down the magnificent arcade. . . . I revelled in a sensuous elysium, which was perfect, because no sense was left ungratified. But, beyond all, my mind was filled with a boundless feeling of triumph. My journey was that of a conqueror, . . . victorious over the grandest as well as the subtlest forces of nature. The spirits of light, color, odor, sound, and motion were my slaves; and I was master of the universe. . . . Those finer senses, which occupy a middle ground between our animal and intellectual appetites, were suddenly developed to a pitch beyond what I had ever dreamed, and gratified to the fullest extent of their preternatural capacity. Mahomet's paradise . . . would have been a poor and mean terminus for my arcade of rainbows. Yet in the character of this paradise, in the gorgeous fancies of the Arabian nights, in the glow and luxury of all oriental poetry, I now recognise more or less of the agency of hashish. The fullness of my rapture expanded the sense of time; and though the whole vision was probably not more than five minutes in passing, years seemed to have elapsed."

Hashish-eaters agree in this curious experience of the exaggeration of the idea of time. M. Moreau, an habitual swallower of this narcotic, states that one evening, in traversing the passage of the Opera under its influence, the time occupied in taking a few steps seemed to be hours, and the passage interminable. But to return to Mr. Taylor's visions:

"By and by the rainbows, the barque, &c. vanished; and, still bathed in light and perfume, I found myself in a land of green and flowerly lawns. . . . The people who came from the hills, with brilliant garments that shone in the sun, besought me to give them the blessing of water. Their hands were full of branches of the corallhoneysuckle, in bloom. These I took; and breaking off the flowers one by one, set them in the earth. The slender trumpet-like tubes immediately became shafts of masonry; the lip of the flower changed into a circular mouth of rose-colored marble; and the people lowered their pitchers, and drew them up again, filled to the brim and dripping with honey."

Strange to say, all the time these visions

were going on, Mr. Taylor was perfectly conscious that he was seated in an apartment of Antonio's hotel in Damascus, and that his dreams were all simply the result of having taken hashish.

"Metaphysicians," he remarks, "say that the mind is incapable of performing two operations at the same time, and may attempt to explain this phenomenon by supposing a rapid and incessant vibration of the perceptions between two states. This explanation, however, is not satisfactory to me; for not more clearly does a skillful musician with the same breath blow two distinct musical notes from a bugle than I was conscious of two distinct conditions of being in the same moment. Yet, singular as it may seem, neither conflicted with the other. My enjoyment of the visions was complete and absolute, and undisturbed by the faintest doubt of their reality; while, in some other chamber of my brain, Reason sat coolly watching them, and heaping the liveliest ridicule on their fantastic features."

It will occur to many of our readers, that the only phenomenon that resembles the above, in a normal mental state, is that of what is commonly and expressively called poetic inspiration, in which the most lively and passionate realisation of a series of events and images goes on simultaneously with the conscious exercise of the cold skill of the artistic intellect.

"The drug, which had been retarded in its operation on account of having been taken after a meal, now began to make itself more powerfully felt. The visions were more grotesque than ever, but less agreeable; and there was a painful tension throughout my nervous system. . . . I was a mass of transparent jelly, and a confectioner poured me into a twisted mould. I threw my chair aside, and writhed and tortured myself for some time to force my loose substance into the mould. At last, when I had so far succeeded that only one foot remained outside, it was lifted off, and another mould, of still more crooked and intricate shape, substituted. I have no doubt that the contortions through which I went to accomplish the end of my gelatinous destiny would have been extremely ludicrous to a spectator, but to me they were painful and disagreeable. The sober half of me went into fits of laughter over them. . . . I had laughed until my eyes overflowed profusely. Every drop that fell immediately became a large loaf of bread, and tumbled upon the shop-board of a baker at Damascus. The more I laughed, the faster the loaves fell, until such a pile was raised about the

baker that I could hardly see the top of his head. "The man will be suffocated," I cried; "but if he were to die, I cannot stop." My perceptions now became more dim and confused. I felt that I was in the grasp of some giant force, and in the glimmering of my fading reason grew earnestly alarmed; for the terrible stress under which my frame labored increased every minute. A fierce and furious heat radiated from my stomach throughout my system; my mouth and throat were as dry and hard as if made of brass; and my tongue, it seemed to me, was a bar of rusty iron."

In this condition Mr. Taylor remained for some time, deriving no alleviation from great draughts of water, "heaving sighs that seemed to shatter his whole being;" and yet, at this crisis of his insanity, he was fully able to remark that "there was a scream of the wildest laughter, and my countryman sprang upon the floor, exclaiming, "Ye gods I am a locomotive!" This was I ruling hallucination; and for the space of two or three hours he continued to pace to and fro, with a measured stride, exhaling his breath in violent jets; and, when he spoke, dividing his words into syllables, each of which he brought out with a jerk; at the same time turning his hands at his sides, as if they were the cranks of imaginary wheels. The Englishman, on finding the drug begin to act, characteristically retired to his apartment, and could never be prevailed upon to relate the results. Midnight arrived, though every minute appeared centuries, and the terrific trance still continued:

"By this time I had passed through the paradise of hashish, and was plunged into its fiercest hell. . . . The excited blood rushed through my frame with a sound like the roaring of mighty waters. It was projected into my eyes until I could no longer see; it beat thickly in my ears; and so throbbed in my heart, that I feared the ribs would give way under its blows. I tore open my vest, placed my hand over the spot, and tried to count the pulsations, but there were two hearts; one beating at the rate of a thousand beats a minute, and the other with a slow dull motion. My throat, I thought, was filled to the brim with blood and streams of blood were pouring from my ears. . . . I fled from the room, and walked over the flat terraced roof of the house. My body seemed to shrink and grow rigid, and my face to become wild, lean, and haggard. . . . Involuntarily I raised my hand to feel the leanness and sharpness of my face. O hor-

ror! the flesh had fallen from my bones, and it was a skeleton-head I carried on my shoulders. With one bound I sprang to the parapet, and looked down into the silent courtyard, then filled with the shadows thrown into it by the rising moon. Shall I cast myself down headlong? was the question I proposed to myself; but though the horror of the skeleton delusion was worse than the fear of death, there was an invisible hand at my breast which pushed me away from the brink. I made my way back to the room in a state of the keenest suffering. My companion was still a locomotive, rushing to and fro, and jerking out his syllables with the disjointed accent peculiar to a steam-engine. His mouth had turned to brass, like mine, and his hand raised the pitcher to his lips in the attempt to moisten it; but, before he had taken a mouthful, set the pitcher down again with a yell of laughter, crying out, 'How can I take water into my boiler, while I am letting off steam?'"

Mr. Taylor tells us that he was too far gone to fall into the absurdity of this. He felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into unutterable agony and despair. There was nothing resembling ordinary pain; but a distress, from tension of nerve, which could not be described, because unlike any previous experience, and which was far worse than any pain. The remnant of the will was gradually disappearing, without any corresponding diminution of consciousness; and a dreadful fear arose that what he was now suffering was real and permanent insanity. Indeed, it appears from a fact mentioned by Dr. Madden in his *Travels in Turkey, &c.*, that this fear was not so groundless as Mr. Taylor afterwards came to regard it. Dr. Madden assures us that out of thirteen male inmates of a Turkish madhouse, no fewer than four had gone mad from over-doses of hashish. The rest of this profoundly interesting and vividly-expressed description, which we have reluctantly abridged, must be given in Mr. Taylor's words:

"The thought of death, which also haunted me, was far less bitter than this dread. I knew that in the struggle which was going on in my frame, I was borne fearfully near the dark gulf; and the thought that, at such a time, both reason and will were leaving my brain, filled me with an agony, the depth and blackness of which I should vainly attempt to portray. I threw myself on my bed, the excited blood still roaring wildly in my ears, my heart throbbing with a force

that seemed to be rapidly wearing away my life, my throat dry as a potsherd, and my stiffened tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. My companion was approaching the same condition; but as the effect of the drug upon him had been less violent, so his stage of suffering was more clamorous. He cried out to me that he was dying, and reproached me vehemently because I lay there silent, motionless, and apparently careless of his danger. 'Why will he disturb me?' I thought. 'He thinks he is dying, but what is death to madness? Let him die; a thousand deaths were more easily borne than the pangs I suffer.' While I was sufficiently conscious to hear his exclamations, they only provoked my keen anger; but after a time, my senses became clouded, and I sank into a stupor. As near, as I can judge, this must have been three o'clock in the morning, rather more than five hours after the hashish began to take effect. I lay thus all the following day and night, in a state of blank oblivion, broken only by a single wandering gleam of consciousness. I recollect hearing François' voice. He told me afterwards that I rose, attempted to dress myself, drank two cups of coffee, and then fell back into the same death-like stupor; but of all this I did not retain the least knowledge. On the morning of the second day, after a sleep of thirty hours, I awoke again to the world, with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, and a brain clouded with the lingering images of my visions. I knew where I was, and what had happened to me; but all that I saw still remained unreal and shadowy. There was no taste in what I ate, no refreshment in what I drank; and it required a painful effort to comprehend what was said to me, and return a coherent answer. Will and reason had come back, but they still sat unsteadily on their thrones. My friend, who was much further advanced in his recovery, accompanied me to the adjoining bath, which I hoped would assist in restoring me. It was with great difficulty that I preserved the outward appearance of consciousness. In spite of myself, a veil now and then fell over my mind; and after wandering for years, as it seemed, in some distant world, I awoke with a shock to find myself in the steamy halls of the bath, with a brown Syrian polishing my limbs. . . . A glass of very acid sherbet was presented to me; and after drinking it, I experienced instant relief. Still the spell was not wholly broken, and for two or three days I continued subject to frequent involuntary fits of absence, which made me insensible for the time to all that was passing around me. I walked the streets of Damascus with a strange consciousness that I was in some other place at the same time, and with a

constant effort to reunite my divided perceptions. Previous to the experiment, we had decided on making a bargain for the journey to Palmyra. . . . But all the charm which lay in the name of Palmyra, and the romantic interest of the trip, was gone. I was without courage and without energy, and nothing remained for me but to leave Damascus.

"Yet, fearful as my rash experiment proved to me, I did not regret having made it. It revealed to me deeps of rapture and of suffering which my natural faculties never could have sounded. It has taught me the majesty of human reason and of human will, even in the weakest; and the awful peril of tampering with that which assails their integrity."

The action of hashish, like that of opium, is very different with different persons. We have heard of several attempts to excite the fantasia proving utter failures; indeed, failure seems to be far more frequent than success. Probably the experience of M. de Sauley and his friends, recorded in his *Journey round the Dead Sea*, would be that of at least nine English, or French, hashish-eaters out of ten. "The experiment," says this traveller, "to which we had recourse for an amusement, proved so extremely disagreeable, that I may say with certainty that none of us is likely to wish to try it again. Hashish is an abominable poison, . . . which we had the folly to take in excessive doses one New-Year's day. We expected a delightful evening; but were nearly killed through our imprudence. I, who had taken the largest dose, remained insensible for above twenty-four hours; after which I woke to find myself completely shattered in nerves, and subject to nervous spasms and incoherent dreams, which seemed to last hundreds of years."

It is to be observed, that almost all the foregoing experiments were made with doses far greater than are usually taken by habitual hashish-eaters in the East. According to Dr. O. Shaughnessy, half-a-grain is considered a sufficient quantity to be taken at a time in India. There is no proof that, when taken with moderation, and with the purpose only of causing the gentle exhilaration produced by a prudent use of wine or tea, the one would be more damaging than the others. The testimonies of Dr. Burnes, Dr. Macpherson, and Dr. Eatwell (quoted by Johnston), concerning the amount of effect pro-

duced by opium in countries where it is habitually taken, might probably stand good for hashish also. Dr. Burnes, long resident at the court of Sciende, writes, that "in general the natives do not suffer much from the use of opium. Is does not seem to destroy the powers of the body, or to enervate the mind, to the degree that might be imagined." Dr. Macpherson observes of the Chinese, that "although the habit of smoking opium is universal among rich and poor, yet they are a powerful, muscular, and athletic people; and the lower orders more intelligent, and far superior in mental acquirements, to those of corresponding rank in our own country." Dr. Eatwell writes:

"The question to be determined is, not what are the effects of opium used in excess, but what are its effects on the moral and physical constitution of the mass of individuals who use it habitually, and in moderation, either as a stimulant to sustain the frame under fatigue, or as a restorative and sedative after labor, bodily or mental? Having passed three years in China, I can affirm thus far, that the effects of the abuse of the drug do not come very frequently under observation; and that when cases do occur, the habit is frequently found to have been induced by the presence of some painful chronic disease, to escape from the sufferings of which the patient has fled to this resource. . . . There are doubtless many who indulge in the habit to a pernicious extent, led by the same morbid influences which induce men to become drunkards in even the most civilized countries; but these cases do not, at all events, come before the public eye. As regards the effects of the habitual use of the drug on the mass of the people, I must affirm that no injurious results are visible. . . . I conclude, therefore, that proofs are wanting to show that the moderate use of opium produces more pernicious effects upon the constitution than the moderate use of spirituous liquors; whilst, at the same time, it is certain that the consequences of the former are less appalling in their effects upon the victim, and less disastrous to society at large, than the consequences of the abuse of the latter." *Pharmaceutical Journal*, vol. xi.

Hashish is now in considerable use as a medicant, under the name of *Cannabis indica*: and its therapeutic application seems destined to be much extended, particularly in connection with nervous derangements, as its properties become better understood. Indeed, the above statements with reference to the comparative innocuousness of moderate



opium-eating, and the facts, that hashish is habitually used by between two and three hundred millions, and that it is, if any thing, less injurious than opium, and much more generally palatable, suggest the possibility of its one day becoming an article of extensive consumption among us. Its effects, when moderately taken, greatly resemble those of tea; and it is a curious fact, that the effects of tea, in excessive strength, are not unlike those of hashish. Most persons have their nervous system unstrung and shattered for a time by excess in the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," and such seems to be the effect on most persons of too much hashish; but furthermore, insensibility and hallucination are produceable by tea as well as hashish. The friend who supplied us with his hashish-experiences also supplies us with the following account of the result of an excess in tea-drinking. The resemblance to some

of the most peculiar effects of hashish in large doses will strike all who have read the foregoing pages:

"Being under an unusual stress of work, which demanded great activity of brain, I had recourse, as usual, to tea for excitement. For several days successively I took a basin of very strong tea four or five times a-day. One night, as I was sitting alone with my mother, and writing, I felt a sudden dizziness overcome me immediately after a draught of tea stronger than any I had taken yet, and requested my mother to get me a glass of sherry from the sideboard. Consciousness of surrounding objects left me, and I fell into a dream, which I can only describe by saying that it was indescribably terrific. It seemed to last for ages, and I awoke with the horror of a soul which had been an eternity in hell. My mother was standing before me with the sherry. I asked her how long I had been insensible. She asked me what I meant; she had just returned with the sherry not having been absent half-a-minute."

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**A STORY FROM MUNICH.**—The *Courrier de Paris* relates the following somewhat singular and not very probable anecdote:—"A few days ago a gentleman, walking through the Charles Strause at Munich, and having on his arm a large cloak, happened to stop opposite the office of the *Mont-de-Piété*. He was immediately accosted by a female, one, it appears, of several who watch near those establishments at Munich for the purpose of gaining a trifling sum by pledging articles for persons who feel ashamed of entering those places themselves. 'Ah! mein herr,' said the woman, 'you do not like to go in there yourself, and yet you perhaps wish to pledge your cloak? Give it to me, I will get you a good sum on it.' 'You will render me a service,' replied the gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, 'take the cloak, and I will wait here until you return.' At the end of five minutes, the woman returned, and handed to the gentleman ten florins, the sum lent on the cloak. 'Thank you, my good woman,' said the owner of the cloak, 'and now by way of commission put these ten florins in your pocket, and take these,' giving her eleven more, 'and redeem the cloak and pay the interest.' The woman was at a loss to understand all this, but she did as she was told, and on her return, as she was handing over the cloak to its owner, a company of soldiers passed by, who presented arms to the gentleman, whom the astonished woman then found was no other than King Louis. On his return to the palace his Majesty sent for his tailor, and rated him soundly for charging 80 florins for a cloak on which he could only borrow 10 florins."

From The Times Correspondent, 14 December.

# CHINA.

SHANGHAI, OCT. 23.

A CHANGE has come over the policy of the authorities in the south. The French Ambassador has arrived in the mouth of the Canton River. The projected northern voyage is definitively abandoned. It is reported that the order has gone forth that Canton shall be taken, and I must return to my post of observation. I hope to add a postscript to this letter with a Hongkong date.

When we have settled our differences with the Cantonese, the scene of action will be removed to these northern ports.

The Chinese officials, or "the Mandarins," as it is the custom to call them, are of opinion that our decisive move, in order to coerce the Court of Peking, will be to cut off the supply of food to the capital. They reason, according to Chinese logic, from the precedent of the last war; and, for once, I am inclined to adopt the same conclusion, and from the same premises. In our previous experience the Court was immovable so long as we only killed, burnt, and destroyed in the provinces. Directly we put a muzzle upon the mouths of the populace of Peking the Court was at our feet; so it will be again.

I have been investigating how Peking is fed. I cannot quote my authorities without certain loss of the heads of my informants, but the following may be implicitly relied upon as in the main correct.

There are nine of the eighteen provinces of China which produce rice, and have, or rather had, means of water communication with Peking. These provinces are—Fukien, Chekiang, Kiangsi, Shantung, Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsi, Nganhwui, and Szechuen. These provinces, according to ancient precedent, pay their tribute to the capital in rice. They are bound to contribute in the aggregate 10,000 junks, each containing 1,000 piculs of 133lb. English; but in the arrangement of the proportion Shantung and Hunan, on account of their poverty or their small extent, only pay as half a province each.

This arrangement gave an annual supply of 10,000,000 piculs to the Imperial city, which, at the regular allowance of about 14lb. per day per month—such is the capacity of the measure meted out to the soldiery—would feed a population of 3,000,000.

The calculation, therefore, as is necessary in all large calculations, allowed largely for a difference between figures and facts.

The rebellion, however, and especially the occupation of Chekiang, upon the Yang-tse, has deranged this comfortable state of things. The provinces south of the Yang-tse can no longer communicate with the capital by the inner waters; Szechuen is obliged to send silver to Kiangsi, and there purchase the rice which could not be sent from the province itself.

In recent years the 10,000,000 piculs have been enormously diminished; and the *Peking Gazette* has contained many lamentations on this score. So late as the 26th of September there is a memorial on this subject. The number of the 20th of September contains the answer of officers to the urgent orders already given to collect rice and send it round by Tiensin. There is no trade at Peking, and the supply is necessarily a very critical affair.

Nankin formerly sent three millions, and Nankin has now other mouths to feed. The China merchants who bought the Szechuen rice were never paid, for the four lacs of dollars sent from that province to pay for it were embezzled by the Mandarins—an irregularity which has not tended to facilitate matters. The other provinces had experienced inundations and locusts, and had Imperial or rebel armies in their neighborhood, and they paid their quotas with difficulty. But still, *tant bien que mal*, Peking has been fed. The supply, however, no longer reaches the city as formerly by the Imperial Canal and the other inner waters, but the junks start from the coast, and by seaboard they voyage to the gulf of Pecheli and the mouth of the Peiho.

The custom is to gather the rice together upon the coast so soon as the harvest is got in. About the 1st of January of our year the Custom-houses lay embargo upon the junks, and retain them for the annual voyage to Tiensin. Immediately after the commencement of the new year, which occurs early in February, the junks start, and, struggling against the adverse monsoon, make their way in perhaps five or six weeks to the mouth of the Peiho. About the tenth day of the second month is the day calculated for their arrival, for by this time the ice has disappeared from the river.

If this freight should arrive safe in Pekin our war with China will last for 12 months longer.

The Chinese are quite alive to this their vital difficulty. They are talking of assembling this year's fleet at Lehou, a place not marked in our maps, about fifty miles to the north of Woosung, which was used for the same purpose when Shanghai was in the hands of the rebels four years since. The Government has lately also been buying some steamers. They now have three in their service, and although chasing pirates and quelling rebels in the ostensible object, I fancy that towing rice junks at a critical moment is their real destination.

That rice is being collected with extraordinary activity in Kiangsu, and that the mandarins are under strong pressure, are evident. The Chinese say there is generally a stand of wind on the 10th moon (January) under favor of which the junks can work up north.

The scheme is not badly conceived, and it may possibly be successful. The mandarins shrewdly calculate that in all probability the barbarians will take it for granted that the junks will not sail northward till the change of the monsoon, and that they will not care to keep the sea and blockade the coast in January, and if the flat-bottomed rice boats can once escape up into the gulf of Pecheli, that gulf will be so shallow at that period of the year that the steamers cannot follow them.

If they can run into the Yellow River they will also be safe, for thence northwards the inner waters to Pekin are open. It is impossible to guess what insuperable impediments the courtesy of the French Emperor towards his long-tailed Imperial brother, or the "mother wit" of Mr. Commissioner Reed, or the instructions from Downing-street, may interpose to a blockade of the whole coast north of Shanghai, but I take it that if left to their own devices neither Lord Elgin nor Admiral Seymour is a man to allow such a march as this to be stolen upon them. With Canton in hand, and with this fleet of rice-junks kept outside, Lord Elgin's road to Pekin would be strewn with flowers, and his negotiations at the Court would be of a very curt and satisfactory character.

It is an uncomfortable thing to have to

state any fact upon Chinese authority, for you know that if a falsehood will serve the turn they never have recourse to truth. The Chinese, however, all tell me that the Russians have been to Tientsin, and they give me circumstantial details of the transactions there, and name even the officers commissioned to meet them. According to these accounts the two Governments are upon the most friendly terms. The Chinese affirm that the object of the visits of the Russian admiral to the port of Shanghai has been to keep the Court of Pekin informed of the preparations and intentions of the English, and they hint that the Russians have led them to believe that at the proper moment Russia will interpose her mediation to settle the differences.

If these statements are not true they are well invented. The two Courts are undoubtedly *aux petits soins* just now. The *Pekin Gazette* of the 26th of September reports the return of E-ke-le, a Chinese officer who had been sent to the Court of Russia to present condolences on the death of Nicholas. The *Gazette* simply states that the Envoy, having had an audience with the present Emperor, had returned.

Perhaps I am inclined to believe more of this information because I get it from peculiar and exclusive sources; but, at any rate, it is safe to conclude that the Chinese are quite alive to every point of the game they are now playing, and that they are disposed to avail themselves of Russia.

Before we leave Shanghai I must ask the British public to accompany me in a morning walk upon the Bund. It will be hard if we do not find some few scenes there illustrative of Chinese life and manners. We will start from the hotel, which notifies its whereabouts in the rear of the settlement by a high flag-staff and a most demonstrative banner. The street we follow is bounded by the garden walls and entrances of several "hongs"—ornamented, detached residences resembling a little the villas in the Regent's park. Our path is through a crowd of jostling Coolies. They are carrying, balanced on their bamboo poles, chests of tea, bales of silk, bricks of Sycee silver, and burdens more multifarious. It is hard work. They earn by continuous labor nearly 8s. a-day. But a man is worn out in about seven years, and he then retires on his economies, and enjoys

his hardly-earned leisure upon a small plot of ground in the interior. We now see them at full work loading and discharging cargo. Each as he goes emits a sound like the moan of a man in pain, "Ah ho; ah ho." From early morning till eventide this chorus of sorrowful sound fills the air. It is more multitudinous and monotonous than the croak of the frogs in the swamps, than the harsh grating cry of the *cicadae* upon the boughs. The habit, so far as I can discover, is confined to this port; but a Shanghai porter can no more do his work without his "Ah ho!" than a London paviour can get on without his "Hough." When the English first came here the house servants brought up the soups and the legs of mutton singing their "Ah ho" in procession through the dining-room. This was promptly put down; but the out-of-door chorus still proceeds. Every moment from 800 chests comes this sad monotonous cry, depressing to the spirits of new comers.

We make our way through this croaking crowd, and debouch upon the Bund—the broad embankment, having on one side the wide river, with 70 square-rigged vessels lying at easy anchor in its noble reach; and on the other side the "compounds," or ornamental grounds, each containing the *hong* and the godowas of some one of the principal European commercial houses. The only building on the Bund which is of Chinese architecture is the Custom-house, which is like a joss-house.

There is something going on at the Custom-house. The Toutai's suite fill the outer courtyard. Some 20 fellows wearing Mandarins' caps with fox-tails sticking out behind have swords at their sides and form the military escort. Their trousers are much patched and their odor is not fragrant; yet, if one of these ragged ruffians would come to London and submit to be washed, Mrs. Leo Hunter would ask lords and ladies to meet him and present him to her guests as "a mandarin from China." There are two curious creatures having enormous gilt hares on their heads and pheasant feathers protruding behind. They are rather shabbier and dirtier than their military comrades and look as though they had been turned out of Mr Richardson's booth for lack of cleanliness. There are two executioners, conspicuous by their black conical caps, their dark

costume, and their iron chains, worn like a sword belt. The larger one is said to be of wonderful skill in taking off heads; the smaller excels in producing exquisite torture with the bamboo. Let us go inside. There is incense burning, and priests are chanting. Mandarins, with white or red buttons to their caps, silk dresses, and very dirty hands, are knocking their heads upon the ground before a little joss. It is a Chinese ceremonial day. They have turned the Custom-house into a joss-house for the nonce, and are come here to "chin-chin" the God of Wealth, which means to pray for a good harvest of import and export duties. The rite is soon performed, the Toutai comes forth, the procession is formed. It would look splendid in drawing or photograph, but it is squalid and ludicrous in its shabby reality. The Toutai mounts his pony, the large crimson parasol is raised above his head—

"Interque signa turpe militaria  
Sol adspicit conopium"—

and the *cortège* moves off.

About this Custom-house there is a grave matter to be debated. At the instance of the three treaty Powers the Chinese authorities have established at this port a triumvirate of European inspectors, or collectors of Customs—an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American. They were originally selected by their respective Governments. They each receive £2,000 a-year—a salary not too great to compensate them for the odium which the discharge of their duties involves. The English Government has ceased to interfere or to recognise Mr. Lay as having any other capacity than that of an officer of the Chinese Government. The French and American Consuls retain an influence in the nomination and control of the inspectors of their respective nations.

The effect of this Custom-house arrangement is that the duties of the port of Shanghai are received in full. At the other ports the old system of corruption prevails, and the Chinese collectors make their private bargains—usually about one-half of the tariff prices. Nothing but strong intrinsic vitality has enabled the trade of Shanghai to thrive, in spite of this great disadvantage. The English merchants are divided in opinion upon this subject of duty collecting. Some think that the Chinese should be left to themselves; that we should deal with the officials as we



do in England with the farmers of turnpike tolls, every man making his own contract bargain. Others think that the inspecting system should be extended to all the ports. A third party are in favor of the abolition of all duties at the ports, allowing the Chinese to collect their own import and export duties inside. It is a difficult subject, almost impossible to be satisfactorily arranged by any treaty which shall give to the Chinese Government the action of an independent Power; but the difficulty arises from the incurable corruption of the Chinese magistracy, and the crumbling rottenness of the Government. Having to deal with such a nation, the necessities of self-protection give us rights which we should not have if we were dealing with honest men.

There is a sound of gongs, and a crepitation of small crackers at the north end of the bund, and the coolies leaving their work to look on. As it is a day for sight-seeing, and sight-seeing is our business, let us follow the crowd.

It is a burial procession. The mother of a Chinese opium broker is going to her last home. She carries with her all her little comforts and necessities wherewith to begin life in the next world. Many palanquins appear at unequal distances, preceded and followed by coolies marching four abreast. These litters contain small joss-houses, and basins holding fruits, and sweet meats, and bean cakes, and other orthodox Buddhist comestibles. There is good store also of silvered and gilded paper made to resemble solid ingots of gold and silver. This is the wealth wherewith she is to appear in the land of ghosts as a respectable, well-to-do matron. But if this bullion pass current among the ghosts, they have lost the qualities which most distinguish them in the flesh. In life a Chinaman can distinguish the exact fineness of a piece of silver by the touch, so much so that the word "touch" is used as a technical term to indicate the quality of each description of bullion; it must be very harrowing to the feelings of the ghost of a Chinese comprador to find himself obliged to deal in these shadowy ingots. On marches the procession. There are little boys blowing shrill trumpets and other stranger wind instruments, men excruciating our ears with cymbals and gongs, and grave adults exploding strings of crackers. Then comes the

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coffin—a strong wooden case like a carved and ornamented trunk of a tree. It is half covered by draperies, and is borne by 12 coolies. It is hermetically sealed with that tenacious plaster the Chinese call "chunam." It will be borne to a joss-house in the city, and thence to a spot in one of her son's fields. Here it will rest on the surface of the ground. After the time of mourning is past a few spadefulls of earth will be shovelled upon it, then year by year a few more till a mound arises and rank grass and Chinese lilies spring up, and this old lady's habitation adds another unit to the myriads of sacred burrows which cumber the rich soil, and serve no purpose but a harbor for the pheasants when the crops are cut. Our English books upon China say that only hills are set apart for this purpose. Sir John Davis falls into this error. But our English writers, for the most part, write only of what they have seen on the banks of the Canton river. Between Shanghai and Keehing I have seen thousands of acres of alluvial soil which the plough never turns because they are sacred to the dead.

We have plenty of time to look about us, for the procession yet drags its slow length along. The denizens of the Bund have turned out to look, and business is proceeding. There is an English merchant arranging the sale of a cargo of rice with a Chinaman.

"Wantee numba one bad licee for that sojer—numba one bad licee?"

"Number one bad rice for your soldiers," says the indignant Briton. "Why, we always have the best provisions we can obtain for our soldiers and sailors." Heaven forgive the patriotic man of commerce! but he never saw a weavely biscuit, or opened a tin of Crimean preserved meat. "O, maskee, numba one bad licee too much good for sojer man."

We are separated from these bargainers by a fisherman and his wife, who push their way by. The lady, who is not in her *première jeunesse*, has large natural feet, and, having tucked up her trowsers, displays a pair of calves which an Irish porter might envy. Taking advantage of their wake, stiffly totters upon her small deer's feet an ordinary Chinawoman of the urban population. She has no calves whatever. The muscles of her leg were destroyed by the operation which pro-

duced that beautiful foot, and from the knee downwards her leg is but skin and bone. Do you ask how this strange deformity is produced? Stand back out of the crowd, inside the entrance to Mr. Heard's compound, and I will tell you.

There are small-footed ladies at Hongkong who gain a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their pedal extremities to sea captains and other curious Europeans at a dollar a-head; but, as so superficial an examination of this national peculiarity did not satisfy me, I had recourse to some of my good friends among the missionaries. By their aid I obtained that some poor Chinese women should bring me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary schools. Many of these female children probably owed their lives to the persuasion (aided by opportune donations of rice) of my missionary friend and his lady, but their influence had been powerless to prevent the torture of their feet. On the appointed day they were all seated in a row in my friend's library, and their feet, which I suspect had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by the mammas. The first was a child of two years' old. Her penance had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off I found that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually however, these four toes, ceding to the continual pressure, lost their articulations and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel.

In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow, the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible.

Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystère de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived! While we are gossiping about small feet the old lady's burial procession comes to an end. It would be hissed at Astley's, and would be regarded with blank astonishment at the Princess's, but it is very successful at Shanghai. The opium broker has done his duty as a good son. If he keeps his two years of mourning properly, and if none of his wives should commit the indiscretion of having a child within two years, commencing from nine months after this time (for the present Emperor is supposed to owe all his misfortunes to an unfortunate accident of this sort), he will be esteemed a very respectable man for evermore.

The Bund resumes its normal state, and

the "Ah ho's" are again in full chorus. What shall we do next? It is half-past 1 o'clock, tiffin time at Shanghai. You have made your calls on arriving here, and your cards have been duly returned, so you are free to go and come at tiffin time in all their hospitable hong's. No lack of good dishes or of pleasant iced drinks at a Shanghai tiffin. Where the junior partner, with his *employés* of silk inspector, and tea-taster, and book keeper and clerks, holds a separate mess, the allowance from the house to that mess is never less than 50 Shanghai dollars per month per head, or something more than £200 a-year to each *employé* for the table alone. We may enter boldly. There is no chance of finding people making shifts with small commons in China. There is a great charm in European society at all the ports. Everybody is able, and is, indeed, obliged to have a lordly indifference to expense. They cannot control it, and they must let it go. There is no struggling and contriving to keep up appearances. The profits are large and the expenditure is great—*laissez aller*.

Tiffin, however, is a bad habit, if we can keep out of it. Let us rather stroll towards the city and trust to chance for a light lunch. "A'Lin, get a coolie and follow us with some dollars and some cash"—the rascal wouldn't carry a string of copper cash himself to save his father's tail. It is a long stretch from the English settlement to the Chinese city. We must pass through the French concession in front of Mr. Conolly's hong, wherein that gentleman, with exaggerated Shanghai hospitality, has just taken in a distressed Singapore tiger, whose roaring attracts a crowd of Chinese around his gates. A Chinese city is no novelty to us who have journeyed together through so many of them; but a festival day always has some objects of interest. In Pekin the "Board of Rites" busies itself about many things; and among others it sets apart two days in every month as the days upon which alone marriages can take place. To-day is one of these days, and in consequence thereof several gorgeous palanquins, like miniature Lord Mayor's coaches taken off their wheels, and containing ladies all splendid in jewels and gold, are passing through the narrow streets. These ladies have jewelled crowns upon their heads, and veils of strings of pearls

falling over their faces, and embroidered satin tunics, and fans of gold tissue. They are going, properly accompanied to their new homes. One of them is just entering the house of a distiller with whom I have some acquaintance. We shall be welcome; let us go in. The house is decorated for the fête. It is hung with lanterns inside and out. The courtyard is full of relatives and hangers-on; and at the gate is the comprador, who receives the money offerings of the visitors; the principal room opening upon the courtyard is prepared for the feast. Lanterns are hung from the ceilings, a small joss house with candles and incense before it is at one end, and in the middle is the table on which stand the small basins of sauces and sliced shellfish, and goose flesh and sweetmeats, and cakes, which are the precursive appetizers to a Chinese dinner. The bridegroom (the son of the proprietor) is lounging on a chair in his shirt-sleeves smoking; the bride is gone up to her chamber, where she is sitting on her nuptial couch and receiving her guests. We may go up if we please, but it is less trouble to wait and look about us till she comes down. We crack a joke or two with the bridegroom, and he retires to put on his gorgeous array, and then the bride appears followed by her retinue of bridesmaids, and escorted by an old woman, the go-between who has made up the match. We present ourselves in due form, and the bride, who, in spite of her high crown and embroidered tunic and trousers, looks nervous and twitchy and slightly convulsive, just as she might if her name were Brown and if we had accosted her at the door of the vestry room of St. George's, Hanover-square, returns our salutation and would like to pass on. But such is not *selon les règles*. The duenna insists upon our admiring the beauty of the headdress and the thickness of the embroidered satin whereof her tunic is made; but, above all, she *will* pull up the trousers to exhibit the faultless proportions of the little feet. They are marvellously small. A flea couldn't find room to hop in that slipper. "Chin, chin!" let us be off. There is another decorated dwelling on our way, but it is a cottage, and presents a different scene. Three men are drinking *samshu* at table, while the bride, dressed in her borrowed bravery, sits on a barrel in the most distant corner, alone and unnoticed. To-morrow

and for ever more she will be a beast of burden. Perhaps, however, she will, in the fulness of time, create her own distractions. A few years may probably see a crowd of mangey brats, exhibiting every form and species of cutaneous complaint, fighting and yelling over their rice basins, and, aided by the mother's shrew voice and the grandmother's croak, making their neighborhood unbearable.

Such a family lived opposite to my bedroom window at Ningpo. From early cock-crow to sun-down the screams and shrill cries were unintermittent. The nuisance burst into being all on a sudden; but I found, on inquiry, that it had existed in its present aggravated form about two years before, and was then cured. After many vain remonstrances an English merchant complained to the Toutar. Next day the lord of the house was sent for to the Prefecture, and being suspended by the thumbs received 40 blows of the bamboo; he was then dismissed with a warning. When that respectable housekeeper returned disjoined and macerated to his dwelling he went in and shut his doors about him. What happened in the bosom of that family no man may know; but thenceforward the rice was eaten inside the house, and the screams did not vibrate in the street. When I heard of this I thought I would try what a threat of the Toutar would do; so I sent my boy down with a message. He returned with the air of an envoy who has failed. "Well, what does the woman say?" "She talkee no care—last moon husband dead."

We must on, it is not pleasant to linger in the streets of a Chinese city. The porters jostle you, and the palanquins push you aside, and the smells assail you. The French Jesuit, to whom a compatriote applied to send her specimens of all the finest scents of China, rather exaggerated when he replied, "Alas! Madam, in China, there is but one scent, and that is not a perfume." There are many scents, but with the exception of the white blossom wherewith they scent their teas none of them are perfumes.

We bustle our way through the narrow streets. We pass the temples and the yamuns, unentered, for we have seen a hundred such before, and we reach the tea gardens of Shanghai city. These are worth a visit, for they are the best I have seen in

China. A Chinese garden is usually about 20 yards square, but these cover an area of ten acres. It is an irregular figure flanked by rows of shops, rudely analogous to those of the Palais Royal. The area is traversed in all directions by broad canals of stagnant water, all grown over with green, and crossed by zig-zag wooden bridges of the willow pattern plate model, sadly out of repair, and destitute of paint. Where the water is not, there are lumps of artificial rock-work, and large pavilion-shaped tea-rooms, perhaps 20 in number. Here self-heating kettles of gigantic proportions are always hissing and bubbling; and at the little tables the Chinese population are drinking tea, smoking, eating almond hard-bake or pomegranates, playing dominoes, or arranging bargains. There are interstices also of vacant land, and these are occupied by jugglers and peepshow men. From the upper room of one of these teahouses we shall have a view of the whole scene, and A'Lin will order us a cup of tea and some cakes for lunch. The jugglers and gymnasts below are doing much the same kind of tricks which their brethren of England and France perform. M. Houdin and Mr. Anderson would find their equals among these less pretending wizards. I am told that those peep-shows which old men are looking into, and laughing,\* and which young boys are not prevented from seeing, contain representations of the grossest obscenity. Here is a ventriloquist who, attracted by our European costumes at the casement, has come up to perform. "Give him a dollar, A'Lin, and tell him to begin." That dirty, half-clad wanderer would make another fortune for Barnum. He unfolds his pack, and constructs out of some curtains a small closed room. Into this he retires, and immediately a little vaudeville is heard in progress inside. Half a dozen voices in rapid dialogue, sounds, and movements, and cries of animals, and the clatter of falling articles, tell the action of the plot. The company from the tea-tables, who had gathered round, wag their tails with laughter, especially at the broadest sallies of humor, and at the most indecorous *dénouements*. In truth, there is no difficulty, even to us, in comprehending what is supposed to be going on in that little room. The incidents are, indeed, somewhat of the broadest—not so bad as the scenes in our



orthodox old English comedies, such as *The Custom of the Country*, for instance, or *The Conscious Lovers*; but still they are very minutely descriptive of facts not proper to be described. The man's talent, however, would gain him full audiences in Europe without the aid of grossness.

"Ho lai"—"fire, there." Shall we light a cheroot and stroll about? Don't make too sure, Mr. Bull, that the gentleman in the mandarin cap, who is holding you by the button and grinning in your face, is saying any thing complimentary about you. In a journey up the country a fat Frenchman, who had equipped himself in an old mandarin coat, a huge pair of China boots, and a black wide-a-wake, was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat was being drawn over one of those mud embankments, which serve the purpose of our locks. He also was very much flattered at the politeness of an old man who prostrated himself three times before him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily an interpreter was present, who explained that this old man took our French friend for the Devil, and was worshipping him in that capacity according to Chinese rites. In fact, the Frenchman in his antique disguise rather resembled a Chinese idol. But ask the French Consul at Shanghai about this; he can tell the story better than I can.

Some of the best shops of Shanghai city open upon the tea-gardens; some resound with the buzz of imprisoned insects and the song of caged birds; there are "curio" shops, where are to be seen antiquities of dynasties long anterior to the Christian era, carefully wrought by living hands; there are caricatures of the English barbarians, one of which I cannot refrain from buying; there are carvings in bamboo, very inferior to Canton; there are shops for fans, and embroideries and silks, decidedly inferior to Ningpo. There is also the studio of a portrait painter, not probably a dangerous rival to Lamqua, of Macao. There is 'oud talking in that studio. A Yankee captain is inspecting a portrait of himself, which has been painted at a contract price of some \$20. The Yankee is a man about 40, with streaks of gray in his bushy hair and beard, with a slight defect in one eye, a large nose, and a pockmarked face. Yet, withal, thanks to his affluence of hair and an expression of jaunty

determination and devil-may-care go-aheadness, he is a manly-looking fellow. He is looking ruefully, however, at this counterfeit presentment of himself which is to go to the girl of his heart at New York. It is a most laughter-moving caricature of all the salient points of his physiognomy. The Yankee swears that it is no more like him than hickory nuts are like thunder. The artist has produced a small looking-glass, which he places beside the portrait, and, pointing to the gray hair and the squinting eye and the pockmarks of the portrait, and then to the present originals from which they were copied, says triumphantly at each verification, "Hab got? Hab got? Hab got? How can make handsome man 'spose no got handsome face?" let us leave these parties, for there seems likelihood of a hot dispute, and arming ourselves with another cheroot as a defence against bad smells, retrace our steps through the city, and out at the east gate.

We are again upon the Bund. The sun is down, and the European population are taking exercise in the short twilight. The merchants and their wives are returning in carriages or on horseback from their ride round the racecourse, or are walking; the missionaries and their wives are riding up and down on their ponies. The shadows grow deeper, and you can scarce recognize your acquaintances as they pass.

And now, Mr. Bull, it is time to go in and dress for dinner. I hope during our day's stroll I have given you some notion of the city and settlement of Shanghai, which, if you are a wise man, and open up the Yangtse-Kiang, will be a most important place both to you and to your descendants for many a long generation.

#### HONGKONG, OCT. 20.

After a rapid and most comfortable passage of four days I am back "home" in Hongkong, just in time to keep you informed of the only matters having the least importance which have occurred since my departure for the North.

You will have heard last mail by the news from Singapore that the Audacieuse and the French Plenipo had at last arrived. The day after the departure of the mail Baron Gros steamed into harbor, and with polite or kindly haste immediately proceeded unaccompanied by the Ava, without even sending notice of his coming. The meeting of

the two Plenipos had, the cordiality of the non-official and incerecermonious meeting of two private gentleman, one of whom had been accidentally kept waiting and the other anxious to express by his manner and *empressment* that he regretted the delay. Next day the harbor resounded with salutes, and the two Ministers met at dinner at Government House. The Audacieuse returned to her anchorage off Lintin, and diplomatic communications have since then been frequent and, as it is said, most amicable.

The gunboats are arriving daily, but Captain Sherard Osborne, who has to keep his chicken together, is not yet come in. It is necessary to tow these craft up against the north-east monsoon, but it is scarcely worth while enumerating the actual arrivals for they will probably be all reported a short distance off by the steamer which takes this letter.

It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate our Admiralty. They may be honestly proud of the achievement of the Imperador. On the morning of the 28th that fine ship steamed into harbor in admirable time after a passage almost unrivalled of 61 days (at sea) from England to Singapore. She brings 500 marines, and she brings them out in the first-rate condition. Only 15 men in all were on the sick list. Yesterday she proceeded up the Canton river to the Wantung, where barracks have been provided, and where, it is to be hoped, the men will retain their present health and efficiency.

We are now in eager expectation of the arrival of the sister ship the Imperatrix, supposed to be about three days behind her. This mail will probably bring you more certain tidings of her.

It is no secret that something is now about to be undertaken. We shall probably wait the arrival of the whole of the slender force allotted to us. 3,000 redcoats are not a too numerous army to bring to reason an empire of 300,000,000 of people; but so soon as we have all we are to expect we hope to be able to tell you that Canton is in our hands.

All our superfluous doctors and Commissariat officers are off for India. It is understood that General Ashburnham and staff, and Colonels Wetherall and Pakenham go by the next mail. General Straubensee remains with us, and I hear but one sentiment with respect to this officer. He has

impressed all here with full confidence in him as a leader of energy and conduct.

Comments of The Times, 15 Dec.

It will gratify all but a very small section of the community to know that the exaction of proper amends for the Canton outrage is likely to be no longer delayed. The course of action which was recommended by our correspondent some months since, no doubt in accordance with the prevailing opinion of the English on the spot, is about to be adopted. At the departure of the last mail it had been fully determined to seize and hold Canton until reparation had been made for the excesses of YEH and his satellites. It certainly shows the spirit and resources of this country that in such an hour of national trial, with a vast army in revolt, and our Generals surrounded by tens of thousands of enemies in one region of Asia, we are yet coolly preparing to attack the most populous seaport of the Chinese Empire, and, if necessary, to carry the warfare up to the capital of its secluded and mysterious Sovereign. Though it is wonderful that the country should at such a time be able to spare troops at all, yet, as might be expected, the force which is to avenge our insults is far from large. Even the full complement of sailors is not to be had. The Shannon, which, with two or three other vessels, has furnished forth Captain Peel's Naval Brigade, was despatched from home for China service, and diverted under the pressure of the sternest necessity. Several steamers have also been sent to Calcutta, thus still further diminishing the force available for any warlike achievement. But, on the other hand, some reinforcements had arrived, and our countrymen, who do not seem to count odds, are disposed to make the best of what they have, and to commence operations at once. As a contrast to the doings of the sailing transports, we may call attention to the passage made by the Imperador, an auxiliary screw steamer, which arrived in 70 days from England, bringing 500 Marines. The Imperador's passage to Singapore was only 61 days. The Imperatrix, a sister ship, was expected a few days later. This timely succor seems to have encouraged the authorities to decide on immediate action. Within a short time it was hoped that the General in command would have from 2,000 to 3,000 soldiers and

marines, and these, with the bluejackets, might be trusted to attack even Canton with its million of mob. General Ashburnham had left for India, and was succeeded by General Straubenzee, who had become highly popular, and was looked upon as a commander of skill, activity, and daring. The gunboats were arriving daily, and, when united, were likely to play an important part in the series of operations.

The hope that something would at last be done had cheered men of every rank; all were anxious for the signal to ascend the Canton River. The authorities had come to the same conclusion as the whole body of military and civilians—namely, that it was better to treat the dispute as a local affair, and to deal with Canton as if its ruler had acted independently of the Imperial power. So the expedition of Lord Elgin to the Peiho, which had been delayed by his journey to Calcutta, was definitively abandoned, and diplomacy had determined to wait until the sword had done its work. This decision certainly seems most wise. We have before dwelt upon the singular relations in which we find ourselves with respect to the Chinese people. The Celestials as a nation will not quarrel with us. Canton is blockaded, but at all the other ports business goes on as briskly as ever. Shanghai and Ningpo are, in fact, thriving on the perversity of the southern rabble. Englishmen are admitted freely into the country, penetrate into districts never before visited, ascend the Imperial Canal, gaze on the quays and boats, the temples and villas, and all the other wonders of this isolated civilization. They are received everywhere with a kind of merry curiosity, and even allowed by Mandarins and Custom-house officers to pass without payment of the usual dues. It would certainly be as foolish as cruel to use any harsh measures against this population merely on the theoretical grounds that the central Government is responsible for the acts of its officials, and that the people must expiate the misdeeds of its Government. As it is, then, out of the question to do more than occupy as harmlessly as possible one or two points towards the North, and as it is moreover certain that such an occupation would be of no effect in bringing the Court to reason, it follows that we must strike the blow where it has been deserved, and where

it is likely to produce the results we desire. It is the opinion of those on the spot that the seizure and occupation of Canton will obtain the reparation which the dignity of the country requires, and also lead to a more permanent intercourse between China and the civilized world. We must, therefore, wish every success to the bold measure on which the English commanders have decided.

Indeed, the failure of a diplomatic mission to the North might be predicted without much presumption. The very fact that we, who had alone been insulted and injured, had called upon other nations to join us in our remonstrances would be likely to encourage the Court of Peking to obstinacy. Not only do we seem to show our weakness, but we who have a cause of war associate with ourselves other nations who have not a cause of war, and who therefore cannot legitimately carry matters to extremity. The natural conclusion that Chinese cunning must draw is, that we shall be hindered from any active proceedings by these entangling alliances. It is as well to show that this is not the case, and that England, by inviting other nations to share in the advantages which will follow the opening of China, does not in any way cede her liberty of independent action. The plan of operations seems to be well considered. It embraces first the capture and occupation of Canton. We need not form any conjectures regarding the capacity of the English force for such an enterprise; our numbers are small, but a smaller force has within the last few weeks achieved still greater exploits. The demands of the British Government ought certainly not to be merely nugatory. To take lasting possession of some advantageous spot near the great ports of the empire, and commanding its main arteries, the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Hoang-ho, and the Imperial Canal, ought to be the first thought of the authorities. It is pretty well known that Chusan was abandoned at the close of the last war chiefly through the influence of the Canton merchants, who wished to place the seat of British power in their own neighborhood. But Shanghai and Ningpo have taken the lead in spite of the disfavor of our Government, and it is now time to recognize that their neighborhood is the real field for commercial activity and political influence.

A free communication with the Court of Peking might also be insisted upon, for it is

impossible that the country which governs India, and into whose Malay and Australian possessions the Chinese flock by thousands, can consent to be unrepresented in the council of the Emperor. It is probable that the tale of the Indian victories, which has, ere this, penetrated into the depths of Asia, will, if followed by vigorous proceedings at Canton, induce the Chinese Court to accede to Lord Elgin's demands. But if it should still be obstinate there seems reason to believe that the seizure of the rice junks which supply Peking will prove to the central authority the necessity of yielding. The description in the letter we print to-day shows with what facility our gunboats can cut off the supplies of the capital. Owing to the southern portion of the Imperial Canal being in the power of the rebels, the grain is sent from the mouth of the Yang-tse by sea to the gulf of Pecheli. This voyage can, of course, be hindered by the British fleet, and probably such an opportunity of bringing the Court to reason will not be neglected.

Such is the latest phase of the Chinese question. Those who know the character of the people and its Government have been

long convinced that only energy and judgment on our part are necessary to bring the empire into close relations with our own and with other civilized nations. China is in a state of transition. Change has come after long enduring immobility; a revolutionary spirit after ages of obedience; a strange enterprise and activity after a whole national history of stagnation. England can better than any other country direct these new energies in the right path. We have armies and fleets at hand, an immense trade, the most enterprising travellers and missionaries, and a national character which obtains for our people great ascendancy over half-civilized races. Large numbers of Chinese also speak the English language, rudely, it is true, but still well enough to make largely extended relations possible. It is to be trusted, therefore, both for our own sakes and for the sakes of a people who must be so largely dependent upon us, that Lord Elgin and the commanders with whom he is associated will act with courage, decision, and independence. This country is not inclined to forego the position in Asia which has been won by the heroism of a hundred years.

**OPERATION ON AN ELEPHANT.**—During the late visit to Hull of Wombwell's menagerie, the elephant "Chubby" underwent an operation which, from its novelty and success, deserves a place among the surgical records. For twelve or fifteen months previously, a tumor had been gathering on Chubby's off-side thigh. It grew, and grew, and grew, till at last men began to doubt whether the elephant was an appendage of the tumor, or the tumor of the elephant; for the larger grew the one, the smaller grew the other. Chubby sickened, lost his appetite, pined away—his skin became "a world too wide." The sobriquet of "Chubby," which his once fair proportions honorably merited, grew to be a mockery, and it became evident to his friends that unless the tumor and Chubby dissolved partnership, the former would soon be the sole representative of the firm. Change of air was tried, but the tumor only derived advantage. Medical advice was called in; but, alas, it proved another nut which the faculty could not crack.

Nine famous leeches, at nine various stations, tried their juleps and catholicons, but in vain—

no one daring to have recourse to the knife with such a patient. Such was the state of matters when Chubby paid us his farewell visit, as it was supposed, last Hull fair. His friends, as a last resource, applied to one of our townsmen, a veterinary surgeon, Mr. Tom B. Hyde, Jr. Mr. Hyde went, saw, and boldly resolved to use the lancet. The operation was performed a few days after the fair, and lasted two hours; Chubby undergoing it with such fortitude and good sense as could only be derived from a consciousness of its object. The tumor, when removed, weighed five pounds, and one of the fangs had to be searched out with the knife for a foot down the thigh. The operation proved eminently successful. Every fresh bulletin announced his improving health till the latter end of November, when Mr. Hyde pronounced his patient thoroughly restored, and capable of returning to business. Chubby at once took the train to join his friends, Messrs. Wombwell & Co., and when we last heard of him, his appetite and good looks were the theme of general admiration.—[*Eastern Counties (Eng.) Herald.*]



## CHAPTER XLIII.—"THE SKELETON."

It is one of the conventional grievances of the world to mourn over the mutability of human affairs, the ever recurring changes incidental to that short span of existence here which we are pleased to term Life, as if the scenes and characters with which we are familiar were always being mingled and shifted with the rapidity and confusion of a pantomime. It has often struck me that the circumstances which encircled us do *not* by any means change with such extraordinary rapidity and facility—that, like a French road, with its mile after mile of level fertility and unvarying poplars, our path is sometimes for years together undiversified by any great variety of incident, any glimpse of romance; and that the same people, the same habits, the same pleasures, and the same annoyances seemed destined to surround and hem us in from the cradle to the grave. Which is the most numerous class, those who fear their lot *may* change, or those who hope it *will*? Can we make this change for ourselves? Are we the slaves of circumstances, or is not that the opportunity of the strong which is the destiny of the weak? Surely it must be so—surely the stout heart that struggles on must win at last—surely man is a free agent; and he who fails, fails not because his task is impossible, but that he himself is faint and weak and infatuated enough to hope that he alone will be an exception to the common lot, and achieve the prize without the labor, *Sine pulvere palmarum*.

The old castle at Edeldorf, at least, is but little changed from what I recollect it in my quiet boyhood, when with my dear father I first entered its lofty halls and made acquaintance with the beautiful blue-eyed child that now sits at the end of that table a grown-up, handsome man. Yes, once more I am at Edeldorf. Despite all my scruples, despite all the struggles between my worse and better self, I could *not* resist the temptation of seeing her in her stately home; of satisfying myself with my own eyes that she was happy, and of bidding her a long and last farewell. Oh! I thirsted to see her just once again, only to see her, and then to go away and meet her never, never more. Therefore Ropsley and I journeyed through Bulgaria and up the Danube, and arrived late at Edeldorf, and were cordially wel-

comed by Victor, and dressed, and came down to dinner, and so I saw her.

She was altered, too; so much altered, and yet it was the well-known face, *her* face still; but there were lines on the white forehead I remembered once so smooth and fair, and the eyes were sunk, and the cheek pale and fallen; when she smiled, too, the beautiful lips parted as sweetly as their wont, but the nether one quivered as though it were more used to weeping than laughing, and the smile vanished quickly, and left a deeper shadow at it faded. She was not happy. I was *sure* she was not happy, and, shall I confess it? the certainty was not to me a feeling of unmixed pain. I would have given every drop of blood in my body to make her so, and yet I could not grieve as I felt I ought to grieve, that it was otherwise.

Perhaps one of the greatest trials imposed on us by the artificial state of society in which we live, is the mask of iron that it forces us to wear for the concealment of all the deeper and stronger feelings of our nature. There we sit in that magnificent hall, hung around with horn of stag and tusk of boar, and all the trophies of the chase, waited on by Hungarian retainers in their gorgeous hussar uniforms, before a table heaped to profusion with the good things that minister to the gratification of the palate, and conversing upon those light and frivolous topics beyond which it is treason to venture, while the hearts probably of every one of us are far, far distant in some region of pain unknown and unguessed by all save the secret sufferers, who hide away their hoarded sorrows under an exterior of flip-pant levity, and affect to ignore their neighbor's wounds as completely as they veil their own. What care Ropsley or Valérie whether *perdrix aux champignons* is or is not a better thing than *dindon aux truffes*? They are dying to be alone with each other once more—she, all anxiety to hear of his campaign and his illness; he, restless and pre-occupied till he can tell her of his plans and prospects, and the arrangements that must be concluded before he can make her his own. Both, for want of a better grievance, somewhat disgusted that the order of precedence in going to dinner has placed them opposite each other, instead of side by side.

And yet Valérie, who sits by me, seems well pleased to meet her old friend once more; if I had ever thought she really cared for me, I should be undeceived now, when I mark the joyous frankness of her manner, the happy blush that comes and goes upon her cheek, and the restless glances that ever and anon she casts at her lover's handsome face through the *épergne* of flowers and fruit that divides them. No, they think as little of the ball of conversation which we jugglers toss about to each other, and jingle and play with and despise, as does the pale stately Countess herself, with her dark eyes and her dreamy look apparently gazing far into another world. She is not watching Victor, she seems scarcely aware of his presence; and yet many a young wife as beautiful, as high-spirited, and as lately married, would sit uneasily at the top of her own table, would frown, and fret, and chafe to see her handsome husband so preoccupied by another as is the Count by the fair guest on his right hand—who but wicked Princess Vocqsal?

That lady has, according to custom, surrounded herself by a system of fortification wherewith, as it were, she seems metaphorically to set the world at defiance: a challenge which, to do her justice, the Princess is ever ready to offer, the antagonist not always willing to accept. She delights in being the object of small attentions, so she invariably requires a footstool, an extra cushion or two, and a flask of *eau de Cologne*, in addition to her bouquet, her fan, her gloves, her pocket handkerchief, and such necessary articles of female superfluity. With these outworks and defences within which to retire on the failure of an attack, it is easy to carry out a system of aggressive warfare; and whether it is the presence of his wife that makes the amusement particularly exciting, or whether Count de Rohan has made himself to-day peculiarly agreeable, or whether it is possible, though this contingency is extremely unlikely, that the Prince has told her *not*, certainly *Madam la Princesse* is taking unusual pains, and that most unnecessarily, to bring Victor into more than common subjection to her fascinations.

She is without contradiction the best dressed woman in the room; her light gossamer robe, fold upon fold, and flounce upon flounce, floats around her like a drapery of clouds; her gloves fit her to a miracle; her

exquisitely-shaped hands and round white arms bear few ornaments, but these are of the rarest and costliest description; her blooming, fresh complexion accords well with those luxuriant masses of soft brown hair escaping here and there from its smooth shining folds in large glossy curls. Her rich red lips are parted with a malicious smile, half playful, half coquettish, that is inexpressibly provoking and attractive; while although the question as to whether she does really *rouge* or not, is still undecided, her blue eyes seem positively to dance and sparkle in the candle-light. Her voice is low and soft and silvery; all she says, racy, humorous, full of meaning, and to the point. Poor Victor de Rohan!

He, too, is at first in unusually high spirits, his courteous well-bred manner is livelier than his wont, but the deferential air with which he responds to his neighbor's gay remarks is dashed by a shade of sarcasm, and I, who know him so well, can detect a tone of bitter irony in his voice, can trace some acute inward pang that ever and anon convulses for a moment his frank handsome features. I am sure he is ill at ease, and dissatisfied with himself. I observe, too, that, though he scarcely touches the contents of his plate, his glass is filled again and again to the brim, and he quaffs off his wine with the eager feverish thirst of one who seeks to drown reflection and remorse in the Lethæan draught. Worst sign of all, and one which never fails to denote mental suffering, his spirits fall in proportion to his potations, and that which in a well-balanced nature "makes glad the heart of man," seems but to clog the wings of Victor's fancy, and to sink him deeper and deeper in the depths of despondency. Ere long he becomes pale, silent, almost morose, and the charming Princess has all the conversation to herself.

But one individual in the party attends thoroughly to the business in hand. Without doubt, for the time being he has the best of it. Prince Vocqsal possesses an excellent appetite, a digestion, as he says himself, that, like his conscience, can carry a great weight and be all the better for it; a faultless judgment in wine, and a tendency to enjoy the pleasures of the table, enhanced, if possible, by the occasional fit of gout with which this indulgence must unfortunately be purchased. Fancy-free is the Prince, and troubled neither

by memories of the past, misgivings for the present, nor anxieties for the future. Many such passive natures there are—we see them every day. Men who are content to take the world as it is, and, like the ox in his pasture, browse and bask and ruminate, and never wish to overleap the boundary which forbids them to wander in the flowery meadow beyond. And yet it may be that these too have once bathed in the forbidden stream, the lava-stream that scorches and sears where it touches; it may be that the heart we deem so hard, so callous, has been welded in the fire and beaten on the anvil, till it has assumed the consistency of steel. It winced and quivered once, perhaps nearly broke, and now it can bid defiance even to the memory of pain. Who knows? who can tell his neighbor's history or guess his neighbor's thoughts? who can read the truth, even in the depths of those eyes that look the fondest into his own? Well, there is One that knows all secrets, and He will judge, but not as man judges.

So Prince Vocqsal thinks not of the days that are past, the hearts he has broken, the friends he has lost, the duels he has fought, the money he has squandered, the chances he has thrown away; or if he does allow his mind to dwell for an instant on such trifles, it is with a sort of dreamy satisfaction at the quantity of enjoyment he has squeezed out of Life, tinged with a vague regret that so much of it is over. Why, it was but to-day that, as he dressed for dinner, he apostrophized the grimacing image in his looking-glass,—“Courage, *mon gaillard*,” muttered the Prince, certainly not to his valet, who was tightening his waistbelt, “courage! you are worth a good many of the young ones still, and your appetite is as good as it was at sixteen!”

He is splendid now, though somewhat apoplectic. His wig curls over his magnificent head in hyacinthine luxuriance, his dyed whiskers and moustaches bluish purple in the candle-light; his neckcloth is tied somewhat too tight, and seems to have forced more than a wholesome quantity of blood into his face and eyes, but its whiteness is dazzling, and the diamond-studs beneath it are of extraordinary brilliance; nor does his waistbelt, though it defies repletion, modify in any great degree the goodly outline of the corpulent person it enfolds. Altogether he is a

very jolly-looking old gentleman, and the only one of the party that seems for the nonce to be “the right man in the right place.”

Constance listens to him with a weary, abstracted air; perhaps she has heard that story about the bear and the waterfall once or twice before, perhaps she does not hear it now, but she bends her head courteously towards him, and looks kindly at him from out of her deep sad eyes.

“Champagne, if you please,” says the Prince, interrupting the thread of his narrative by holding up his glass to be replenished; “and so, Madame, the bear and I were *vis-à-vis*, at about ten paces apart, and my rifle was empty. The last shot had taken effect through his lungs, and he coughed and held his paw to the pit of his stomach, so like a Christian with a cold, that, even in my very precarious position, I could not help laughing outright. Ten paces is a short distance, Madame, a very short distance, when your antagonist feels himself thoroughly aggrieved, and advances upon you with a red, lurid eye and a short angry growl. I turned and looked behind me for a run—I was always a good runner,” remarks the Prince, with a downward glance of satisfaction, the absurdity of which, I am pained to see, does not even call a smile to his listener's pale face—“but it was no question of running here, for the waterfall was leaping and foaming forty feet deep below, and the trees were so thick on either side that escape by a flank movement was impossible. It was the very spot, Victor, where I killed the woodcocks right and left the morning you disappointed me so shamefully, and left me to have all the sport to myself.”—Victor bows courteously, drinks her husband's health, and glances at the Princess with a bitter smile.—“The very spot where I hope you will place me to-morrow at your grand *chasse*. Peste! 'tis strange how passionately fond I still am of the chase. Well, Madame, indecision is not usually my weakness, but before I could make up my mind what to do, the bear was upon me. In an instant he embraced me with his huge hairy arms, and I felt his hot breath against my very face. My rifle was broken short off by the stock, and I heard my watch crack in my waistcoat-pocket. I thought it was my ribs. I have seen your wrestlers in England, Madame,

and I have once assisted in your country at an exhibition of 'The Box,' but such an encounter as I now had to sustain was more terrible than any thing I ever witnessed fought out fairly between man and man. Fortunately a ball through the back part of the head, and another through the lungs, had somewhat diminished the natural force of my adversary, or I must have succumbed; and by a great exertion of strength on my part, I managed to liberate one hand and make a grasp for my hunting knife. Horror! it had fallen from the sheath, but, by the mercy of Heaven and the blessing of St. Hubert, it had caught in my boot, and I never felt before how dear life was as when I touched the buckhorn handle of my last friend: three, four times in succession I buried the long keen blade in the bear's side; at each thrust he gave a quick convulsive sob, but he strained me tighter and tighter to his body till I thought my very bloodvessels would burst with the fearful pressure. At last we fell, and rolled over and over towards the waterfall. In the hasty glance I had previously cast behind me, I had remarked a dead fir-tree that stood within a yard or so of the precipice; I remember the thought had darted through my mind that if I could reach it I might be safe, and the reflection as instantaneously followed that a bear was a better climber than a Hungarian. Never shall I forget my sensations when, in our last revolution, I caught a glimpse of that naked tree. I shut my eyes then, for I knew it was all over, but I gave him one more stab, and a hearty one, with my hunting-knife. Splash! we reached the water together, and went down like a couple of stones, down, down to the very bottom, but fortunately it was the deepest part of the pool, and we unclosed our embrace the instant we touched the surface—the bear, I believe, was dead before he got there, and I thought myself fortunate in being able to swim ashore, whilst the brown body of my late antagonist went tumbling and whirling down the foaming torrent below. I recovered his skin, Madame, to make a cover for my arm-chair, but I have never been fond of water since. Give me a glass of Tokay, if you please."

"And did you sustain no further harm from your encounter?" asked Constance, rousing herself from her abstraction with an

effort, and bending politely towards the Prince, who was drinking his tokay with immense satisfaction.

"Only the marks of his claws on my shoulder," replied he smacking his lips after his draught. "I have got them there to this day. Is it not so, Rose?" he added, appealing to his wife with a hearty laugh.

She turned her head away without condescending to notice him. Victor bit his lip with a gesture of impatience, and the Countess, rising slowly and gracefully, gave her hand to the Prince to lead her back to the drawing-room, whither we all followed in the same order as that in which we had proceeded to dinner.

"Do you not feel like a wounded man, once more?" observed Valérie, gaily to me, as I stood, coffee-cup in hand, with my back to the fire-place, like a true Englishman. "Is it not all exactly as you left it? the easiest arm-chair and my eternal embroidery-frame, and your own sofa where you used to lie so wonderfully patient, and look out of window at the sunset. Constance has established herself there now, and considers it her peculiar property. O, Vere (I shall always call you Vere), is she not charming? I am so fond of her!"

Slow torture! but never mind, it is but for to-night—this experiment must never be repeated. Go on, Countess Valérie, happy, unconscious executioner.

"You English people are delightful, when one knows you well, although at first you are so cold and undemonstrative. Now, Constance, though she is so quiet and melancholy-looking, though she never laughs and rarely smiles, has the energy and the activity of a dozen women when it is a question of doing good. You have no idea of what she is here amongst our own people. They worship the very ground she walks on—they call her "the good angel of Edeldorf." But she over-exerts herself; she is not strong; she looks ill, very ill. Vere do you not think so?"

For the first time since we entered the drawing-room I glanced in the direction of the Countess de Rohan, but her face was turned from me; she was still occupied with Prince Vocqsal, who, old enough to appreciate the value of a good listener, was devoting himself entirely to her amusement. No, I could not see the pale, well-known face, but



the light streamed off her jet-black hair, and memory probed me to the quick as its shining masses recalled the wet, heavy locks of one whose life I saved in Beverley mere.

"Come and play the march in the *Honijady*," said Ropsley, leading his *fiancée* gaily off to the piano-forte. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*, but I really cannot allow you to flirt with Egerton any more," he added, with a smile of such thorough confidence and affection in his promised bride as altered the whole expression of his countenance, and lit it up with a beauty I had never before imagined it to possess.

"Not *that*," she answered, looking anxiously round, "but, 'Cheer, boys! cheer!' as often as you like, now we have got you back again." And they walked away together, a happy, handsome pair as one should wish to see.

I could not have borne it much longer. I gasped for solitude as a man half-stifed gasps for air. With an affectation of leisurely indifference, I strolled into the adjoining billiard-room. I passed close to the Countess, but she never turned her head, so engrossed was she with the conversation of Prince Vocqsal. I walked on through the spacious conservatory. I even stopped to examine an exotic as I passed. At length I reached a balcony in which that structure terminated, and sinking into a chair that stood in one corner, out of sight and interruption, I leaned my forehead against the cold iron railing, and prayed for fortitude and resignation to my lot.

The fresh night air cooled and composed me. A bright moonlight flickered and glistered over the park. The tones of Valérie's piano-forte, softened by distance, stole sadly yet soothingly on my ear. The autumn breeze, hushed to a whisper, seemed to breathe of peace and consolation. I felt that the strength I had asked would be given; that though the fight was not yet over, it would be won at last; that although, alas! the sacrifice was still to be offered, I should have power to make it, and the higher the cost, the holier, the more acceptable it would be. More than once the Devil's sophistry prompted me to repine; more than once I groaned aloud to think that *she*, too, was sacrificed unworthily that, *her* happiness, like my own, was lost beyond recall. "O," I thought, in the bitterness of my agony, "I

could have given her up to one that *loved* her, I could have rejoiced in her welfare, and forgotten *myself* in the certainty of her happiness. I could have blessed him thankfully for his care and tenderness towards that transplanted flower, and lived on contented, if not happy, to think that I had not offered up my own broken heart in vain; but to see her neglected and pining—her dignity insulted—her rights trampled on—another, immeasurably her inferior, filling the place in her husband's affections, to which she had an undoubted right. Victor! Victor! you were my earliest friend, and yet I can almost *curse* you from my soul!"

But soon my better nature triumphed; I saw the path of duty plain before me, I determined to follow it, and struggle on, at whatever cost. I had lived for her all my life. I would live for her still. Perhaps when I became an old grey man she would know it; perhaps—never in this life—perhaps she might bless me for it in another; but it should be done! Could I but make a certainty of Victor's *liaison* with the Princess, could I but obtain a *right* to speak to him on the subject! I would make him one last appeal that should *force* him back to his duty. I would, if necessary, tell him the whole truth, and shame him by my own sacrifice into the right path. I felt a giant's strength and a martyr's constancy; once more I leaned my head upon the cold iron rail, and the opportunity that I asked for seemed to come when I least expected it.

In such a mood as I then was in, a man takes no note of time: I could not tell how long I had been sitting there in the solemn peaceful night, it might have been minutes, it might have been hours, but at length the click of billiard-balls, which had been hitherto audible in the adjoining apartment, ceased altogether, a man's step and the rustle of a lady's dress were heard in the conservatory, and when they reached within six paces of me, Victor placed a chair for Princess Vocqsal under the spreading branches of a brilliant azalia, and seated himself at her side. She dropped her bracelet on the smooth tessellated floor as she sat down; he picked it up and clasped it on her arm: as he did so I caught a glimpse of his face: he was deadly pale, and as he raised his eyes to hers, their wild mournful appealing glance reminded me of poor Bold's last look when

he died licking my hand. The Princess, on the contrary, shone if possible more brilliant than ever; there was a settled flush, as of triumph, on her cheek, and her whole countenance bore an impress of determined, uncompromising resolution, which I had already remarked as no uncommon expression on those lovely features.

My first impulse was to confront them at once, and take my departure; but I have already said I suffered from constitutional shyness to a great degree, and I was unwilling to face even my old friend with such traces of strong emotion as I knew must be visible on my exterior. I was most unwilling to play the eavesdropper. I felt that, as a man of honor, I was inexcusable in not instantly apprising them of my presence; yet some strange, inexplicable fascination that I could not resist, seemed to force me to remain where I was, unnoticed and unsuspected. Ere they had spoken three words I was in possession of the whole truth, that truth which a few minutes earlier I had been so anxious to ascertain. I do not attempt to excuse my conduct, I am aware that it admits of no palliation, that no one can be guilty of an act of espial and still remain a gentleman; but I state the fact as it occurred, and can only offer in extenuation the fever of morbid excitement into which I had worked myself, and my unwavering resolution to save Victor, in spite of his own infatuation, for her sake in whose behalf I did not hesitate thus to sacrifice even my honor.

"Anything but *that*, Rose, my adored Rose; anything but *that*," pleaded the Count; and his voice came thick and hoarse, whilst his features worked convulsively with the violence of his feelings. "Think of what I have been to you, think of all my devotion, all my self-denial. You cannot doubt me: it is impossible; you cannot mistrust me *now*; but, as you have a woman's heart, ask me for anything but *that*."

She was clasping and unclasping the bracelet he had placed upon her arm, her head drooped over the jewel, but she raised her soft lustrous eyes to his, and with a witching, maddening glance, of which he knew too well the power, murmured—

"Give it me, Victor, *dear* Victor! you have never refused me anything since I have known you."

"Nor would I now, were it anything that

is in my power to give," he burst out hurriedly, and in accents of almost childish impatience; "I tell you, that for your sake I would cast everything to the winds—fortune, friends, home, country, life itself. Drop by drop, you should have the best blood in my body, and I would thank you and bless you for accepting it; but this is more than all, Rose—this is my honor. Could you bear to see me a disgraced and branded man? could you bear to feel that I *deserved* to have my arms reversed and my name scouted? Could you care for me if it were so? O, Rose, you have never loved me if you ask for this!"

"Perhaps you are right," she answered, coldly, "perhaps I never did. You have often told me I am very hard-hearted—Victor," she added, after a pause, with a sudden change of manner, and another of those soft fond looks that made such wild work with her victim—"do you think I would ask a man I did not care for to make such a sacrifice? O, Victor! you little know a woman's heart—you have cruelly mistaken mine."

The fond eyes filled with tears as she spoke. Victor was doomed. I knew it from that moment. He scarcely made an effort to save himself now.

"And you ask for this as a last proof of my devotion. You are not satisfied yet. It is not enough that I have given you the whole happiness of my life, you must have that life itself as well—nay, even that is too little," he added, with bitter emphasis, "I must offer up the unstained honor of the De Rohans in addition to all!"

Another of those speaking, thrilling glances. O, the old, old story. Samson and Dalilah—Hercules and Omphale—Antony and Cleopatra, on the ruins of an empire—or plain Jack and Gill at the fair. Man's weakness is woman's opportunity, and so the world goes on.

"Victor," she said, "it is for *my* sake."

The color mounted in his cheek, and he rose to his feet like a man. The old look I had missed all the evening on his face came back once more, the old look that reminded me of shouting squadrons by the Danube, and a dash to the front with Ali Mesrour and brave Iskender Bey. His blood was up, and his lance in rest now, stop him who can!

"So be it," he said, calmly and distinctly but with his teeth clenched and his nostril

dilated, like that of a thorough-bred horse after a gallop. "So be it! and never forget, Rose, in the long dark future, never forget that it was for your sake; and now listen to me. I betray my own and my father's friends, I complete an act of treachery such as is yet unknown in the annals of my country, such as her history shall curse for its baseness till the end of time. I devote to ruin and death a score of the noblest families, a score of the proudest heads in Hungary. I stain my father's shield, I break my own oaths. Life, and honor, and all, I cast away at one throw, and Rose, it is for your sake!"

She was weeping now—weeping convulsively, with her face buried in her hands; but he heeded it not, and went on—

"All this I am willing to do, Rose, because I love you; but mark the consequences. As surely as I deliver you this list"—he drew a paper from his breast as he spoke—"so surely I proclaim my treachery to the world, so surely I give myself over to the authorities, so surely I march up to the scaffold at the head of that devoted band who were once my friends, and though they think it shame that their blood should soak the same planks as mine, though they turn from me in disgust, even on the verge of another world, so surely will I die amongst them as boldly, as unflinchingly, as the most stainless patriot of them all!"

"No, no," she sobbed out; "never, never; do you think I have no feeling? do you think I have no heart? I have provided for your safety long ago. I have got your free pardon in a written promise, your life and fortune are secure, your share in the discovery will never be made known. Victor, do you think I have not taken care of you?"

Even than his whole countenance softened. This man, whose proud spirit she had so often trampled on, whose kind heart she had so often wounded, from whom she asked so much—ay, so much as his bitterest enemy would have shrunk from taking—was ready and willing to give her all, and to bless the very hand that smote him to the death. He spoke gently and caressingly now. He bent over her chair, and looked down at her with kind, sad eyes.

"Not so," he said, "Rose, not so. I am glad you did not sacrifice me. I like to think you would have saved me if you could;

but I cannot accept the terms. To-morrow is my birth-day, Rose. It is St. Hubert's day, and I have a grand *chasse* here, as you know. Many of these devoted gentlemen will be at Edeldorf to-morrow. Give us at least that one day. In twenty-four hours from this time you can forward your information to Vienna; after that, you and I will meet no more on earth. Rose, dear Rose," he murmured, as he placed the paper in her hand, "it is the *last* present I shall give you—make the most of it!"

Why did she meddle with politics, woman as she was in her heart of hearts? What had she to do with Monsieur Stein, and Government intrigues, and a secret police, and all that complicated machinery which is worked by gold alone, and in which the feelings count for nothing? State information might go to other quarters; fortunes be made on the Bourse by other speculators; her husband wait for his appointment till doomsday, and the attainer remain unreversed on the estates in the Banat as long as the Danube flowed downward from its source;—what cared Princess Vocqsal? She looked up, smiling through her tears, like a wet rose in the sunshine. She took the list from his hand; once, twice, she pressed the paper to her lips, then tore it in a thousand fragments, and scattered them abroad over the shining floor of the conservatory, to mingle with the shed blossoms of the azalia, to be swept away with the decayed petals of the camellias, to be whirled hither and thither by the breeze of morning to oblivion, but to rise up between her and him who now stood somewhat aghast by her side, never, never more!

She put her hand almost timidly in his. "Victor," she said, in a soft, low voice, "you have conquered. I am yours now in defiance of all. O, Victor, Victor, you do indeed love me!"

He looked startled, scared, almost as if he could not understand her; he shook in every limb, whilst she was composed and even dignified.

"Yes," she said, rising from her chair, "I will trifle with you no longer now. I know what I do; I see the gulf into which I plunge. Misery, ruin, and crime are before me; but I fear *nothing*. Victor de Rohan! when I leave Edeldorf, I leave it with you, and with you I remain for ever!"

They walked out of the conservatory side

by side. I do not think they exchanged another word; and I remained stunned, motionless, stupified, like a man who wakes from some ghastly and bewildering dream.

The striking of the Castle clock roused me to consciousness—to a conviction of the importance of time, and the necessity for immediate action. It was now midnight. Early to-morrow we should all be on the alert for the grand *battue* on the Waldenberg, for which preparations had been making for several days. I should scarcely have an opportunity of speaking in private to my friend, and the day after it might be too late. No, to-night I must see Victor before he slept; to-night I must warn him from the abyss into which he was about to fall, confess to him the dishonorable act of which I had been guilty, sustain his anger and contempt as I best might, and plead her cause whom I must never see again.

More than once—I will not deny it—a rebellious feeling rose in my heart. Why are these things so? Why is she not mine whom I have loved so many dark and lonely years? Why must Victor, after the proof he has given to-night of more than human devotion, never be happy with her for whose sake he did not hesitate to offer up all that was far dearer to him than life? But I had long learnt the true lesson, that "Whatever is, is right"—that Providence sees not with our eyes, nor judges with our judgment; and that we must not presume to question, much less dare to repine. I hurried through the billiard-room towards Victor's apartments; I had then to traverse the drawing-room, and a little snug retreat in which it used to be our custom to finish the evening with a social cigar, and to which in former days, Valérie was sometimes to be prevailed upon to bring

her work. Here I found Ropsley and Prince Vocqsal comfortably established, apparently with no idea of going to bed yet for hours. They had never met till to-day, but seemed to suit each other admirably, all that was ludicrous in the Prince's character and conversation affording a ceaseless fund of amusement to the Guardsman; while the latter's high prowess as a sportsman and intimate acquaintance with the turf rendered him an object of great interest and admiration to the enthusiastic Hungarian. Ropsley, with restored health, and his lady-love under the same roof with him, was in the highest spirits, and no wonder.

"Don't run away, Vere," said he, catching me by the arm as I passed behind his chair; "it's quite early yet. Have a quiet weed before turning in." Adding, in an amused whisper, "he's an immense trump, this! That's his third cigar and his fourth tumbler of brandy and soda since we came here; and he's telling me now how he once pinked a fellow in the Bois de Boulogne for wearing revolutionary shirt-buttons. In English, too, my dear fellow; it's as good as a play."

Even as he spoke I heard a door shut in the passage, and I hurried away, leaving the new acquaintances delighted with each other's society.

In the gallery I met Victor's French valet with a bundle of clothes over his arm, humming an air from a French opera. "Could I see the Count?" "Alas! I was a few seconds too late!" The valet "was in despair—he was desolate—it was impossible. Monsieur had even now retired to the apartments of Madame!" "I must do it to-morrow," thought I; "perhaps I may find an opportunity when the *chasse* is over." And I went to bed with a heavy, aching heart.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE GIPSY'S DREAM.

It is a calm, clear night; a narrow crescent moon, low down on the horizon, scarcely dims the radiance of those myriads of stars which gem the entire sky. It is such a night as would have been chosen by the Chaldean to read his destiny on the glittering page above his head—such a night as compels us perforce to think of other matters than what we shall eat and what we shall drink—as brings startlingly to our minds the unsolved question, Which is Reality—the Material of to-day or the Ideal of to-morrow? Not a

cloud obscures the diamond-sprinkled vault above; not a tree, not an undulation, varies the level plain extending far and wide below. Dim and indistinct, its monotonous surface presents a vague idea of boundless space, the vastness of which is enhanced by the silence that reigns around. Not a breath of air is stirring, not a sound is heard save the lazy splash and ripple of the Danube, as it steals away under its low swampy bands, sluggish and unseen. Yet there is life breathing in the midst of this apparent solitude: human



hearts beating, with all their hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, in this isolated spot. Even here beauty pillows her head on the broad chest of strength; infancy nestles to the refuge of a mother's bosom; weary labor lies prone and helpless, with relaxed muscles and limp, powerless limbs; youth dreams of love, and age of youth; and sleep spreads her welcome mantle over the hardy tribe who have chosen this wild waste of Hungary for their lair.

It is long past midnight; their fires have been out for hours; their tents are low and dusky, in color almost like the plain on which they are pitched; you might ride within twenty yards of it, and never know you were near a gipsy's encampment, for the Zingynie loves to be unobserved and secret in his movements; to wander here and there, with no man's leave and no man's knowledge; to come and go unmarked and untrammelled as the wind that lifts the elf-locks from his brow. So he sleeps equally well under the coarse canvass of a tent or the roof of a clear cold sky; he pays no rent, he owns no master, and he believes that, of all the inhabitants of earth, he alone is free.

And now a figure rises from amongst the low dusky tents, and comes out into the light of the clear starry sky, and looks stedfastly towards the east as if watching for the dawn, and turns a fevered cheek to the soft night air, as yet not fresh and cold enough to promise the approach of day. It is the figure of a woman past the prime of life, nay, verging upon age, but who retains all the majesty and some remains of the beauty which distinguished her in bygone days; who even now owns none of the decay of strength or infirmity of gait which usually accompanies the advance of years, but who looks, as she always did, born to command, and not yet incapable of enforcing obedience to her behests. It is none other than the Zingynie Queen who prophesied the future of Victor de Rohan when he was a laughing golden-haired child; whose mind is anxious and ill at ease for the sake of her darling now, and who draws her hood further over her head, binds her crimson handkerchief tighter on her brows, and looks once more with anxious glance towards the sky, as she mutters—

"Three hours to dawn, and then six more till noon; and once, girl, thou wast light-footed and untiring as the deer. Girl!" and

she laughs a short, bitter laugh. "Well, no matter—girl, or woman, or aged crone, the heart is always the same; and I will save him—save him, for the sake of the strong arm and the fair, frank face that have been mouldering for years in the grave!"

She is wandering back into the past now. Vivid and real as though it had happened but yesterday, she recalls a scene that took place many a long year ago in the streets of Pesth. She was a young, light-hearted maiden then: the acknowledged beauty of her tribe, the swiftest runner, the most invincible pedestrian to be found of either sex in the bounds of Hungary. Not a little proud was she of both advantages, and it was hard to say on which she plumed herself the most. In those days, as in many others of its unhappy history, that country was seething with internal faction and discontent; and the Zingynies, from their wandering habits, powers of endurance, and immunity from suspicion, were constantly chosen as the bearers of important despatches and the means of communication between distant conspirators, whilst they were themselves kept in utter ignorance of the valuable secrets with which they were intrusted.

The gipsy maiden had come up to Pesth on an errand of this nature all the way from the Banat. Many a flat and weary mile it is; yet though she had rested but seldom and partaken sparingly of food, the girl's eye was as bright, her step as elastic, and her beauty as dazzling as when she first started on her journey. In such a town as the capital of Hungary she could not fail to attract attention and remark. Ere long, while she herself was feasting her curiosity with innocent delight on the splendors of the shop windows and the many wonders of a city so interesting to this denizen of the wilderness, she found herself the centre of a gazing and somewhat turbulent crowd, whose murmurs of approbation at her beauty were not unmixed with jeers and even threats of a more formidable description. Swabes were they mostly, and Croatians, who formed this disorderly mob; for your true Hungarian, of whatever rank, is far too much of a gentleman to mix himself up with a street riot or vulgar brawl, save upon the greatest provocation. There had been discontent brewing for days amongst the lowest classes; the price of bread had gone up, and there was a strong

feeling abroad against the landholders, and what we should term in England the agricultural interest generally.

The mob soon recognized in the Zingynie maiden one of the messengers of their enemies. From taunts and foul abuse they proceeded to overt acts of insolence; and the handsome high-spirited girl found herself at bay, surrounded by savage faces, and rude, insulting tongues. Soon they began to hustle and maltreat her, with cries of "Down with the gipsy!"—"Down with the go-betwixt of our tyrants!"—"To the stake with the fortune-teller!"—"To the Danube with the witch!" Imprudently she drew her long knife and flashed it in the faces of the foremost; for an instant the curs gave back, but it was soon struck from her hand, and any immunity that her youth and beauty might have won from her oppressors was, by this ill-judged action, turned to more determined violence and aggression. Already they had pinioned her arms, and were dragging her towards the river—already she had given herself up for lost, when a lane was seen opening in the crowd, and a tall powerful man came striding to her rescue, and as he elbowed and jostled his way through her tormentors, asked authoritatively, "What was the matter, and how they could dare thus to maltreat a young and beautiful girl?"

"She is a witch!" replied one ruffian who had hold of her by the wrist, "and we are going to put her in the Danube. You are an aristocrat, and you shall keep her company!"

"Shall I?" replied the stranger, and in another instant the insolent Swabe, spitting out a mouthful of blood and a couple of front teeth, measured his length upon the pavement. The crowd began to retire, but they were fierce and excited, and their numbers gave them confidence. A comrade of the fallen ruffian advanced upon the champion with bared knife and scowling brow. Another of those straight left-handers, delivered flush from the shoulder, and he lay prostrate by his friend. The stranger had evidently received his fighting education in England, and the instructions of science had not been thrown away on that magnificent frame and those heavy muscular limbs. It was indeed no other than the last Count de Rohan, Victor's father, the associate of the

Prince of Wales, the friend of Philip Egerton and Sir Harry Beverley; lastly, what was more to the purpose at the present juncture, the pupil of the famous Jackson. Ere long the intimidated mob ceased to interfere, and the nobleman, conducting the frightened gipsy girl with as much deference as though she had been his equal in rank and station, never left her till he had placed her in his own carriage, and forwarded her, with three or four stout hussars as her escort, half-way back on her homeward journey. There is a little bit of romance safe locked up and hidden away somewhere in a corner of every woman's heart. What was the great Count de Rohan to the vagabond Zingynie maiden but a "bright particular star," from which she must always remain at a hopeless and immeasurable distance? Yet even now, though her hair is grey and her brow is wrinkled—though she has loved and suffered, and borne children and buried them, and wept and laughed, and hoped and feared, and gone the round of earthly joys and earthly sorrows—the color mounts to her withered cheek, and the blood gathers warmer round her heart, when she thinks of that frank, handsome face, with its noble features and its fearless eyes, and the kindly smile with which it bade her farewell. Therefore has she always felt a thrilling interest in all that appertains to the Count de Rohan; therefore has she mourned him with many a secret tear and many a hidden pang; therefore has she loved and cherished and watched over his child as though he had been her own, exhausting all her skill and all her superstition to prognosticate for him a happy future—to ward off from him the evil that she reads too surely in the stars will be his lot.

Once she has warned him—twice she has warned him—will the third time be too late? She shudders to think how she has neglected him. To-morrow—nay, to-day (for it is long past midnight), is the anniversary of his birth, the festival of St. Hubert, and she would have passed it over unnoticed, would have forgotten it, but for last night's dream. The coming morning strikes chill to her very marrow as she thinks what a strange, wild, eyrie dream it was.

She dreamed that she was sitting by the Danube; far, far away down yonder, where its broad yellow flood, washing the flat,

fertile shores of Moldavia, sweeps onward to the Black Sea, calm, strong, and not to be stemmed by mortal hand, like the stream of Time—like the course of destiny.

Strange voices whispered in her ears, mingled with the plash and ripple of the mighty river; voices that she could not recognize, yet of which she felt an uncomfortable consciousness that she had heard them before. It was early morning, the raw mist curled over the waters, and her hair—how was this?—once more black and glossy as the raven's wing, was dank and dripping with dew. There was a babe, too, in her lap, and she folded the child tighter to her bosom for warmth and comfort. It nestled and smiled up in her face, though it was none of hers; no gipsy blood could be traced in those blue eyes and golden locks: it was De Rohan's heir: how came it here? She asked the question aloud, and the voices answered all at once and confusedly, with an indistinct and rushing sound. Then they were silent, and the river plashed on.

She felt very lonely, and sang to the child for company a merry gipsy song. And the babe laughed and crowed, and leapt in her arms with delight, and glided from her hands; and the waters closed over its golden head, and it was gone. Then the voices moaned and shrieked, still far away, dim and indistinct; and the river plashed sullenly on.

But the child rose from the waves, and looked back and smiled, and shook the drops from its golden hair, and struck out fearlessly down the stream. It had changed, too, and the blue eyes and the clustering curls belonged to a strong, well-grown young man. Still she watched the form eagerly as it swam, for something reminded her of one she used to think the type of manhood years and years ago. The voices warned her now to rise and hasten, but the river plashed on sullenly as before.

She must run to yonder point, marked as it is by a white wooden cross. Far beyond it the stream whirls and seethes in a deep eddying pool, and she must guide the swimmer to the cross, and help him to land there, or he will be lost—De Rohan's child will be drowned in her sight. How does she know it is called St. Hubert's Cross? Did the voices tell her? They are whispering still, but fainter and farther off. And the river

plashes on sullenly, but with a murmur of fierce impatience now.

She waves frantically to the swimmer, and would fain shout to him aloud, but she cannot speak; her shawl is wound so tight round her bosom that it stops her voice, and her fingers struggle in vain amongst the knots. Why will he not turn his head towards her?—why does he dash so eagerly on? proud of his strength, proud of his mastery over the flood—his father's own son. Ah! he hears it too. Far away, past the cross and the whirlpool, down yonder on that sunny patch of sand, sits a mermaid, combing her long bright locks with a golden comb. She sings a sweet, wild, unearthly melody—it would woo a saint to perdition; Hark how it mingles with the rushing voices and the plash of the angry river!

The sand is deep and quick along the water's edge; she sinks in it up to the ankles, weights seem to clog her limbs, and hands she cannot see to hold her back; breathless she struggles on to reach the cross, for there is a bend in the river there, and he will surely see her, and turn from the song of the mermaid, and she will drag him ashore and rescue him from his fate. The voices are close in her ear now, and the river plashing at her very feet.

So she reaches the cross at last, and with frantic gestures, for she is still speechless, waves him to the shore. But the mermaid beckons him wildly on, and the stream, seizing him like a prey, whirls him downwards eddying past the cross, and it is too late now. See! he turns his head at last, but to show the pale, rigid features of a corpse.

The voices come rushing like a hurricane in her ears; the plash of the river rises to a mighty roar. Wildly the mermaid tosses her white arms above her head, and laughs, and shrieks, and laughs again, in ghastly triumph. The dreamer has found her voice now, and in a frenzy of despair and horror she screams aloud.

With that scream she woke, and left her tent for the cool night air, and counted the hours till noon; and so, with no more preparation, she betook herself to her journey, goaded with the thought that there might be time even yet.

It is sunrise now; a thousand glad some tokens of life and happiness wake with the morning light. The dew sparkles on herb

and autumn flower; the lark rises into the bright, pure heaven; herds of oxen file slowly across the plain. Hope is ever strong in the morning; and the gipsy's step is more elastic, her brow grows clearer and her eye brighter as she calculates the distance she has already traversed, and the miles that yet lie between her and the woods and towers of Edeldorf. A third of the journey is already accomplished; in another hour the summit of the Waldenberg ought to be visible, peering above the plain. She has often trod the same path before, but never in such haste as now.

A tall Hungarian peasant meets her, and recognizing her at once for a gipsy, doffs his hat, and bids her: "Good morrow, mother!" and craves a blessing from the Zingynie, for though he has no silver, he has a paper florin or two in his pocket, and he would fain have his fortune told, and so wile away an hour of his long, solitary day only just begun. With flashing eyes and impatient gestures she bans him as she passes, for she cannot brook even an instant's delay, and the curse springs with angry haste to her lips. He crosses himself in terror as he walks on, and all day he will be less comfortable that he encountered a gipsy's malison at sunrise.

A village lies in her road; many a long mile before she reaches it, the white houses and tall acacias seem to mock her with their distinct outlines and their apparent proximity, will it *never* be any nearer? but she arrives there at last, and although she is weary and footsore, she dreams not of an instant's delay for refreshment or repose. Flocks of geese hiss and cackle at her as she passes; from the last cottage in the street a little child runs merrily out with a plaything in its hand, it totters and falls just across her path, as she replaces it on its legs she kisses it, that dark old woman, on its bright young brow. It is a good omen, and she feels easier about her heart now; she walks on with renewed strength and elasticity—she will win yet.

Another hour, the sun is high in the heavens, and, autumn though it be, the heat scorches her head through her crimson handkerchief and her thick grey hair. Ah! she is old now; though the spirit may last for ever, the limbs fail in despite of it; what if she has miscalculated her strength? what if she cannot reach the goal after all? Cour-

age! the crest of the Waldenberg shows high above the plain. Edeldorf, as she knows well, lies between her and that rugged range of hills, but she quails to think from what a distance the waving woods of De Rohan's home should be visible, and that they are not yet in sight. Her limbs are very weary, and the cold drops stand on her brow, for she is faint and sick at heart. Gallantly she struggles on.

It is a tameless race, that ancient nation of which we know not the origin, and speculate on the destiny in vain. It transmits to its descendants a strain of blood which seems as invincible by physical fatigue as it is averse to moral restraint. Like some wild animal, like some courser of pure Eastern breed, the gipsy gained second strength as she toiled. Three hours after sunrise she was literally fresher and stronger than when she met and cursed the astonished herdsman in the early morning; and as the distance decreased between the traveller and her destination, as the white towers of Edeldorf stood out clearer and clearer in the daylight, glad hope and kindly affection gushed up in her heart, and lame, wearied, exhausted as she was, a thrill of triumph shot through her as she thought she might see her darling in time to warn him even now.

At the lodge-gate she sinks exhausted on a stone. A dashing hussar mounting guard, as befits his office, scans her with an astonished look, and crosses himself more than once with a hurried, inward prayer. He is a bold fellow enough, and would face an Austrian cuirassier or a Russian bayonet as readily and as fearlessly as a flask of strong Hungarian wine, but he quails and trembles at the very thought of the Evil Eye.

"The Count! the Count!" gasps out the breathless Zingynie, "is he at the castle? can I see Count Victor?"

"All in good time, mother!" replies he, good-naturedly; "the Count is gone shooting to the Waldenberg. The carriages have but just driven by; did you not see them as you came here?"

"And the Count, is he not riding, as is his custom? will he not pass by here as he gallops on to overtake them? Has my boy learnt to forget the saddle, and to neglect the good horse that his father's son should love?"

"Not to-day, mother," answered the hussar.



"All the carriages are gone to-day, and the Count sits in the first with a bright, beautiful lady, ah, brighter even than our Countess, and more beautiful, with her red lips and her sunny hair."

All hussars are *connoisseurs* in beauty.

"My boy, my boy," mutters the old woman; and the hussar seeing how ill she looks, produces a flask of his favorite remedy, and insists on her partaking of its contents. It brings the color back to her cheek and the blood to her heart.

"And they are gone to the Waldenberg! and I ought to reach it by the mountain-path

before them even now. Oh, for one hour of my girlhood! one hour of the speed I once thought so little of! I would give all the rest of my days for that hour now. To the Waldenberg?"

"To the Waldenberg!" answered the hussar, taking the flask (empty) from his lips; but even while he spoke she was gone.

As she followed the path towards the mountain, a large raven flew out of the copse-wood on her left, and hopped along the track in front of her. Then the gipsy's lips turned ashy-white once more, for she knew she was too late.

#### CHAPTER XLV.—RETRIBUTION.

CARRIAGE after carriage drove from Edeldorf to the foot of the Waldenberg, and deposited its living freight in a picturesque gorge or cleft of the mountain, where the only road practicable for wheels and axles terminated, and whence the sportsman, however luxurious, must be content to perform the remainder of his journey on foot. A hearty welcome and a sumptuous breakfast at the castle had commenced the day's proceedings; but Madame de Rohan had kept her room on the plea of indisposition, and the only ladies of the party were the Princess and the Countess Valérie. Victor was in unusual spirits, a strange, wild happiness lighted up his eye and spread a halo over his features; but he was absent and preoccupied at intervals, and his inconsequent answers and air of distraction more than once elicited marks of undisguised astonishment from his guests. The Princess was more subdued in manner than her wont. I watched the two with a painful interest, all the keener that my opportunity had not yet arrived, and that the confidence in my own powers which had supported me the previous evening was now rapidly deserting me, as I reflected on the violence of my friend's fatal attachment, and the character of her who was his destiny. If I should fail in persuading him, as was more than probable, what would be the result? What ought I to do next? I had assumed a fearful responsibility, yet I determined not to shrink from it. Valérie was gay and good-humored as usual. It had been arranged that the two ladies should accompany the sportsmen to the trysting-place at the foot of the mountain and then return to the castle. The plan originated with Valérie,

who thus enjoyed more of her lover's society. Nor did it meet with the slightest opposition from Victor, who, contrary to his usual custom of riding on horseback to the mountain, starting after all his guests were gone, and then galloping at speed to overtake them, had shown no disinclination to make a fourth in his own barouche, the other three places being occupied by an Austrian grandee and Prince and Princess Vocqsal. Had he adhered to his usual custom, the Zingynie would have met him before he reached the lodge. English thorough-bred horses, harnessed to carriages of Vienna build, none of them being drawn by less than four, make light of distance, and it seemed but a short drive to more than one couple of our party when we reached the spot at which our day's sport was likely to commence.

A merry, chattering, laughing group we were. On a level piece of greensward, overshadowed by a few gigantic fir-trees and backed by the bluff rise of the copse-clothed mountain, lounged the little band of gentlemen for whose amusement all the preparations had been made, whose accuracy of eye and readiness of finger were that day to be tested by the downfall of bear and wolf, deer and wild-boar, not to mention such ignoble game as partridges, woodcocks, quail, and water-fowl, or such inferior vermin as hawk and buzzard, marten and wild-cat, all of which denizens of the wilderness were to be found in plenty on the Waldenberg. A picturesque assemblage it was, consisting as it did of nearly a score of the first noblemen in Hungary—men who bore the impress of their stainless birth not only in chivalry of bearing and frank courtesy of manner, but in the

handsome faces and stately frames that had come down to them direct from those mailed ancestors whose boast it used to be that they were the advanced guard of Germany and the very bulwarks of Christendom. As I looked around on their happy, smiling faces and graceful, energetic forms, my blood ran cold to think how the lightest whisper of one frail woman might bring every one of those noble heads to the block; how, had she indeed been more or less than woman, a cross would even now be attached to every one of those time-honored names on that fatal list which knows neither pity nor remorse. And when I looked from those unconscious men to the fair arbitress of their fate, with her little French bonnet and coquettish dress, with her heightened color and glossy hair, I thought, if the history of the world were ever *really* laid bare, what a strange history it would be, and how unworthy we should find had been the motives of some of the noblest actions, how paltry the agency by which some of the greatest convulsions on record had been effected.

She was fastening Victor's powder-horn more securely to its string, and I remarked that her fingers trembled in the performance of that simple office. She looked wistfully after him, too, as he waved his hat to bid her adieu, and stood up in the carriage to watch our ascending party long after she had started on her homeward journey. She who was generally so proud, so undemonstrative, so careful not to commit herself by word or deed! could it have been a presentiment? I felt angry with her then; alas! alas! my anger had passed away long before the sun went down.

"Help me to place the guns, Vere," said Victor, in his cheerful, affectionate voice, as we toiled together up the mountain-side, and reached the first pass at which it would be necessary to station a sportsman, well armed with rifle and smooth-bore, to be ready for whatever might come. "I can depend upon you, for I know your shooting; so I shall put you above the waterfall. Vocqsal and I will take the the two corners just below; and if there is an old boar in the Waldenberg, he *must* come to one of us. I expect a famous day's sport, if we manage it well. I used to say "*Vive la guerre*," Vere—don't you remember? but it's "*Vive la chasse*" now, and has been for a long time with me."

He looked so happy; he was so full of life and spirits, I could not help agreeing with his head forester, a tall, stalwart Hungarian, who followed him about like his shadow, when he muttered, "It does one good to see the Count when he gets on the mountain. He is like *himself* now."

Meanwhile the beaters, collected from the neighboring peasantry, and who had been all the previous day gradually contracting the large circle they had made, so as to bring every head of game, and indeed every living thing, from many a mile round, within the range of our fire-arms, might be heard drawing nearer and nearer, their shrill voices and discordant shouts breaking wildly on the silence of the forest, hitherto uninterrupted, save by the soft whisper of the breeze or the soothing murmur of the distant waterfall. Like the hunter when he hears the note of a hound, and erects his ears, and snorts and trembles with excitement, I could see many of my fellow-sportsmen change color and fidget upon their posts; for well they knew that long before the beaters' cry smites upon the ear, it is time to expect the light-bounding gambol of the deer, the stealthy gallop of the wolf, the awkward advance of the bear, or the blundering rush of the fierce wild boar himself; and as they were keen and experienced sportsmen, heart and soul in the business of the day, their quick glances and eager attitudes showed that each was determined no inattention on his own part should balk him of his prey.

One by one, Victor placed them in their respective situations, with a jest and a kind word and a cordial smile for each. Many a hearty friend remarked that day how Count de Rohan's voice was gayer, his manner even more fascinating than usual, his whole bearing more full of energy and happiness and a thorough enjoyment of life.

At last he had placed them all but Ropsley and myself, and there was no time to be lost, for the cry of the beaters came louder and louder on the breeze; and already a scared buzzard or two, shooting rapidly over our heads, showed that our neighborhood was disturbed, and the game of every description must ere long be on foot.

"Take the Guardsman above the waterfall, Vere, and put him by the old oak-tree," said Victor, fanning his brow with his hat after his exertions. "He can command both the

passes from there, and get shooting enough to remind him of Sebastopol. You take the glade, at the foot of the bare rock. Keep well under cover. I have seen two boars there already this season. I shall stay here opposite the Prince. Halloo! Vocqsal, where are you?"

"Here!" replied that worthy from the opposite side of the torrent, where he had ensconced himself in a secure and secret nook, commanding right and left an uninterrupted view of two long narrow vistas in the forest, and promising to afford an excellent position for the use of that heavy double-barrelled rifle which he handled with a skill and precision the result of many a year's practice and many a triumphant coup.

Unlike the younger sportsmen, Prince Vocqsal's movements were marked by a coolness and confidence which was of itself sufficient to predicate success. He had taken off the resplendent wig which adorned his "imperial front" immediately on the departure of the ladies, and transferred it to the capacious pockets of a magnificent green velvet shooting-coat, rich in gold embroidery and filagree buttons of the same precious metal. Its place was supplied by a black skull-cap, surmounted by a wide-brimmed, low hat. On the branches of the huge old tree under which he was stationed he had hung his powder-horn, loading-rod, and shooting apparatus generally, in such positions as to ensure replenishing his trusty rifle with the utmost rapidity; and taking a hunting-knife from his belt, he had stuck it, like a Scottish Highlander, in his right boot. Since his famous encounter with the bear at this very spot, the Prince always liked to wear his "best friend," as he called it, in that place. These arrangements being concluded to his own satisfaction, he took a goodly-sized hunting-flask from his pockets, and after a hearty pull at its contents, wiped his moustache, and looked about him with the air of a man who had made himself thoroughly comfortable, and was prepared for any emergency.

"Here I am, Victor," he shouted once more, "established *en factionnaire*. Don't shoot point-blank this way, and keep perfectly quiet after you hear the action has commenced."

Victor laughingly promised compliance, and Ropsley and I betook ourselves, with

all the haste we could make, to our respective posts.

It was a steep, though not a long climb, and we had little breath to spare for conversation. Yet it seemed that something more than the exhausting nature of our exercise sealed our lips and checked our free interchange of thought. There was evidently something on Ropsley's mind; and he, too, appeared aware that there was a burden on mine. It was not till I reached the old oak-tree at which he was to be stationed, and was about to leave him for my own place, that he made the slightest remark. Then he only said—

"Vere, what's the matter with De Rohan? There's something very queer about him today; have you not observed it?"

I made some excuse about his keen zest for field-sports, and his hospitable anxiety that his guests should enjoy their share of the day's amusement, but the weight at my heart belied my commonplace words, and when I reached the station assigned me I sank down on the turf, oppressed and crushed by a foreboding of some sudden and dreadful evil.

Soon a shot far off at the extreme edge of the wood warned me that the sport had commenced; another and yet another followed in rapid succession. Branches began to rustle and dry twigs to crack as the larger game moved onwards to the centre of the fatal circle. A fine brown bear came shambling clumsily along within twenty yards of my post; I hit him in the shoulder, and, watching him as he went on to mark if my ball had taken effect, saw him roll over and over down the steep mountain-side, at the same moment that the crack of Ropsley's unerring rifle reached my ear, and a light puff of smoke from the same weapon curled and clung around the fir-trees above his hiding-place. A "Bravo" of encouragement sprang to my lips, but I checked it as it rose, for at that instant an enormous wild-boar emerged from the covert in front of me; he was trotting along leisurely enough, and with an undignified and ungraceful movement sufficiently ludicrous, but his quick eye must have caught the gleam of my rifle ere I could level it, for he stopped dead short, turned aside with an angry grunt, and dashed furiously down the hill towards the waterfall. "Boar

forward!" shouted I, preparing to follow the animal, but in a few moments a shot rang sharply through the woodlands, succeeded almost instantaneously by another, and then a scream—a long, full, wild, ear-piercing scream! And then the ghastly, awful silence that seems to tell so much. I knew it all along before I reached him, and yet of those few minutes I have no distinct recollection. There was a group of tall figures looking down; a confused mass of rifles, powder-horns, and shooting-gear; a hunting-flask lying white and glittering on the green turf; and an old woman with a bright crimson handkerchief kneeling over *something* on the ground. Every one made way for me to pass, they seemed to treat me with a strange awe-stricken respect—perhaps they knew I was his friend, his oldest friend—and there he lay, the brave, the bright, the beautiful, stretched at his length, stone dead on the cold earth, shot through the heart—by whom? by Prince Vocqsal.

I might have known there was no hope. I had heard such screams before cleaving the roar of battle—death shrieks, that are only forced from man when the leaden messenger has reached the very well-spring of his life. I need not have taken the cold clammy hand in mine, and opened his dress, and looked with my own eyes upon the blue livid mark. It was all over; there was no more hope for him than for the dead who have lain a hundred years in the grave. This morning he was Count de Rohan; Victor de Rohan my dear old friend. I thought of him a merry blue-eyed child, and then I wept; and my head got better, and so I learned by degrees what had happened.

The boar had dashed down at speed toward the waterfall. He had crossed the range of Count de Rohan's rifle, but the Count—and on this fact his forester laid great stress—the Count had missed his aim, and the animal almost instantaneously turned towards Prince Vocqsal. The Prince's rifle rang clear and true; with his usual cool precision he had waited until the quarry was far past the line of his friend's ambush, and had pulled the trigger in perfect confidence as to the result. He, too, had failed for once in the very act of skill on which he so prided himself. His ball missing the game had struck against the hard knot of an old tree beyond it, and glancing thence almost at right angles, had

lodged in poor Victor's heart at the very moment when the exhausted Zingynie, staggering with fatigue, had reached his post, murmuring a few hoarse words of warning, and an entreaty to abandon the sport only for that day. As he turned to greet her, the fatal messenger arrived, and with a convulsive bound into the air, and one loud scream, he fell dead at her feet.

Old Prince Vocqsal seemed utterly stupefied. He could neither be prevailed upon to quit the body, nor did it seem possible to make him comprehend exactly what had happened, and the share which he had himself borne so unwittingly in the dreadful catastrophe. The Zingynie, on the contrary, although pale as death, was composed and almost majestic in her grief. To her it was the fulfilment of a prophecy—the course of that destiny which is not to be checked nor stayed. As she followed the body, with head erect and measured tread, she looked neither to right nor left, but her black eyes flashed with awful brilliance as she fastened the dilated orbs on what had once been Victor de Rohan, and murmured in a low chant words which I now remembered, for the first time, to have heard many years before, words of which I now knew too well the gloomy significance. "Birth and Burial—Birth and Burial—Beware of St. Hubert's Day!"

So we bore him down to Edeldorf, slowly, solemnly, as we bear one to his last resting-place. Down the beautiful mountain-side, with its russet copsewood, and its fine old oaks, and its brilliant clothing of autumnal beauty; down the white sandy road between the vine-gardens, with their lightsome foliage and their clusters of blushing grapes, and the buxom peasant-women, and ruddy, happy children, even now so gay and noisy, but hushed and horror-bound as they stopped to look and learn; down across the long level plain, where the flocks were feeding securely, and the cattle stood dreamily, and clouds of insects danced and hovered in the beams of an afternoon sun. Slowly, solemnly, we wound across the plain; slowly, solemnly, we reached the wide park-gates. A crowd of mourners gathering as we went, followed eager and silent in the rear. Slowly, solemnly, we filed up the long avenue between the acacias, bearing the lord of that proud domain, the last of the de Rohans to his ancestral home.



Two ladies were walking in the garden as we approached the house: I caught sight of their white dresses before they had themselves perceived our ghastly train. They were Constance De Rohan, and, Rose, Princess Vocqsal.

There was deep and holy mourning, there were bitter scalding tears that night in the Castle of Edeldorf. On the morrow, when the sun rose there was one broken heart within its walls.

## CHAPTER LXVI.—VÆ VICTIS!

VALERIE DE ROHAN is Mrs. Ropsley now; she has dropped the rank of Countess, and prides herself upon the facility with which she has adopted the character of an English matron. She speaks our language, if anything, a little less correctly than when I knew her first; never shakes hands with any of her male acquaintances, and cannot be brought to take a vehement interest in Low Church bishop, parliamentary majorities, or the costly shaws and general delinquencies of her pretty next-door neighbor, whose private history is no concern of yours or mine. In all other respects she is British enough to be own grand-daughter to Boadicea herself. She makes her husband's breakfast punctually at ten; comes down in full morning toilet, dressed for the day, bringing with her an enormous bunch of keys, such as we bachelors scrutinize with mysterious awe, and of the utility of which, inasmuch as they are invariably forgotten and left on the breakfast table, we nourish vague and secret doubts; further, she studies Shakspeare and Burke (not the statesman, but the compiler of that national work which sets forth the pedigrees of peers and baronets, and honorable messieurs and mesdames) with divided ardor, and although she thinks London a little *triste*, believes her own house in Belgravia to be a perfect paradise, and loves its lord and hers with a pure, simple, and entire devotion. Mrs. Ropsley is very happy, and so is he.

"The boy is father to the man." I can trace in the late Guardsman—who relinquished his profession at the Peace—the same energy, the same calculating wisdom, the same practical good sense, that distinguished his youth; but he has lost the selfishness which made his earlier character so unamiable, and has acquired in its stead an enlarged view of the duties and purposes of life, a mellow tone of thought, a deeper sense of feeling as to its pleasures and its pains. He has discovered that the way to be happy is not to surround oneself with a

rampart of worldly wisdom, *not* to cover the human breast with a shield of cynical defiance which always fails it at its need, but to take one's share manfully and contentedly of the roses as of the thorns—no more ashamed to luxuriate in the fragrance of the one, than to wince from the sharp points of the other. He entered on life with one predominant idea, and that one perhaps the least worthy of all those which sanguine boyhood proposes so ardently to itself; but he had purpose and energy, and though self was his idol, he worshipped with a perseverance and consistency worthy of a better cause. Circumstances, which have warped so many to evil, rescued him at the turning point of his destiny. When he met Valérie at Vienna, he was rapidly hardening into a bold, bad man, but the affection with which she inspired him saved him, as such affection has saved many a one before, from that most dangerous state of all in which he lies who has nothing to care for, nothing to hope, and consequently nothing to fear. Oh! you who have it in your power to save the fallen, think of this. How slight is the cable that tows many a goodly vessel into port; what a mere thread will buoy up a drowning man; do not stand on the bank and wag your heads, and say, "I told you so;" stretch but a little finger, throw him the rope that lies to your hand; nay, think it no shame to wet your feet and bring him gently and tenderly ashore, for is he not your brother?

The good work that Valérie's influence had begun, was perfected by the hardships and horrors of the Crimean campaign. No man could witness the sufferings so cheerfully borne, or take his share in the kindly offices so heartily interchanged on that dreary plateau above Sebastopol, without experiencing an improvement in his moral being, and imbibing far more correct notions than he had entertained before as to the *realities* of life and death. No man could take his turn of duty day by day in the trenches, see friends and comrades one by one struck down

by grape-shot, or withering from disease, and not feel that he too held life on a startlingly uncertain tenure; that if the material were indeed all-in-all, he had no business there; that the ideal has a large share even in this life, and will probably constitute the very essence of that which is to come. It is a mistake to suppose that danger hardens the heart; on the contrary, it renders it peculiarly alive to the softer and kindlier emotions. The brave are nearly always gentler, more susceptible, than apparently weaker natures; and many a man who does not quail at the roar of a battery, who confronts an advancing column with a careless smile and a pleasant jest upon his lips, will wince like a child at an injury or an unkindness dealt him from the hand he loves.

Ropsley, too, had many a pang of remorse to contend with, many an hour of unavailing regret, as he looked back to the mischief he had wrought by his unscrupulous schemes for his own benefit—the misery, to which in his now softened nature he was keenly alive, that a thoughtless selfishness had brought on his oldest and dearest friends. Poor Victor married in haste, when piqued and angry with one who, whatever might be her faults, was the only woman on earth to him. Constance Beverley, driven into this alliance by his own false representations and her father's ill-judged vehemence. Another old schoolfellow, whom he was at last beginning to value and esteem, attributing the wreck of all he hoped and cherished in the world to this fatal marriage; and he himself ere long wishing to be connected by the nearest and dearest ties with those whose future he had been so instrumental in blasting, and who could not but look upon him as the prime source and origin of all their unhappiness.

No wonder Ropsley was an altered man; no wonder Victor's sudden and awful death made a still further impression on his awakened feelings; no wonder he prized the blessing he had won, and determined to make himself worthy of a lot the golden joys of which his youth would have sneered at and despised, but which he was grateful to find his manhood was capable of appreciating as they deserved.

Happiness stimulates some tempers to action, as grief goads others to exertion; and Ropsley is not one to remain idle. Though Edeldorf has passed away from the

name of De Rohan for evermore, he has obtained a large fortune with his wife; but affluence and comfort alone will not fill up the measure of such a man's existence, and his energetic character will be sure to find some outlet for the talents and acquirements it possesses. Politics will probably be his sphere; and those who know of what efforts a bold far-seeing nature is capable, when backed by study, reflection, above all, common sense; and when blessed with a happy home of love on which to rest, and from which to gather daily new hope and strength, will not think me over-sanguine in predicting that something more than a "*Hic jacet*" will in the fullness of time be carved on Ropsley's tombstone; that he will do something more in his generation than eat and drink, and pay his son's debts, and make a will, and so lie down and die and be forgotten.

It is good to be firm, strong-minded, and practical; it is good to swim with the stream, and, without ever losing sight of the landing-place, to lose no advantage of the current, no lull of the back-water, no rippling eddy in one's favor. It is not good to struggle blindly on against wind and tide, to trust all to a gallant heart, to neglect the beacon and the landmark, to go down at last, unconquered it may be in spirit, but beaten and submerged for all that, in fact. There is an old tale of chivalry which bears with it a deep and somewhat bitter moral: of a certain knight who, in the madness of his love, vowed to cast aside his armor and ride three courses through the *mêlée* with no covering save his lady's night-weeds. Helm, shield, and corslet, mail and plate, and stout buff jerkin, all are cast aside. With bared brow and naked breast the knight is up and away!—amongst those gathering warriors clad from head to foot in steel. Some noble hearts—God bless them!—turn aside to let him pass; but many a fierce blow and many a cruel thrust are delivered at the devoted champion in the throng. Twice, thrice, he rides that fearful gauntlet; and ere his good horse stops, the white night-dress is fluttering in rags—torn and hacked and saturated with blood. It is a tale of Romance, mark that! and the knight recovers, to be happy. Had it been Reality his lady might have wrung her hands over a clay-cold corpse in vain. Woe to him who sets

lance in rest to ride a tournament with the world! Woe to the warm imagination, the kindly feelings, the generosity that scorns advantage, the soft and vulnerable heart! How it bleeds in the conflict, how it suffers in the defeat! Yet are there some battles in which it is perhaps nobler to lose than to win. Who shall say in what victory consists? "Discretion is the better part of valor," quoth Prudence; but Courage, with herald-voice, still shouts, "Fight on! brave knights, fight on!"

In the tomb of his fathers, in a gloomy vault, where a light is constantly kept burning, sleeps Victor de Rohan, my boyhood's friend, my more than brother. Many a stout and warlike ancestor lies about him; many a bold Crusader, whose marble effigy, with folded hands and crossed legs, makes silent boast that he had struck for the good cause in the Holy Land, rests there, to shout and strike no more. Not one amongst them all that had a nobler heart than he who joined them in the flower of manhood—the last of his long and stainless line. As the old white-haired sexton opens the door of the vault to trim and replenish the glimmering death-lamp, a balmy breeze steals in and stirs the heavy silver fringe on the pall of Victor's coffin—a balmy breeze that plays round the statue of the Virgin on the chapel roof, and sweeps across many a level mile of plain, and many a fair expanse of wood and water, till it reaches the fragrant terraces and the frowning towers of distant Sieben-gebirge—a balmy breeze that cools the brow of yon pale drooping lady, who turns an eager, wistful face towards its breath. For why? It blows direct from where he sleeps at Edeldorf.

She is not even clad in mourning, yet who has mourned him as she has done? She might not even see him borne to his last home, yet who so willingly would lay her down by his side, to rest forever with him in the grave?

Alas for you, Rose, Princess Vocqsal!—you who must needs play with edged tools till they cut you to the quick!—you who must needs rouse passions that have blighted you to the core!—you who never knew you had a heart till the eve of St. Hubert's Day, and found it empty and broken on the morrow of that festival!

She tends that old man now with the pa-

tience and devotion of a saint—that old childish invalid in his garden chair, prattling of his early exploits, playing contentedly with his little dog, fretful and impatient about his dinner. This is all that a paralytic stroke, acting on a constitution weakened by excess, has left of Prince Vocqsal.

Nor is the wife less altered than her husband. Who would recognise in those pale sunken features, in that hair once so sunny, now streaked with whole masses of grey, in that languid step and listless, fragile form, the fresh, sparkling, roseate beauty of the famous Princess Vocqsal. She has done with beauty now; she has done with love and light, and all that constitute the charm and the sunshine of life; but she has still a duty to perform. She has still an expiation to make; and with a force and determination which many a less erring nature might fail to imitate, she has set herself resolutely to the task.

Save to attend to her religious duties, comprising many an act of severe and grievous penance, she never leaves her patient. All that woman's care and woman's tenderness can provide, she lavishes on that querulous invalid; with woman's instinct of loving that which she protects, he is dearer to her now than anything on earth; but oh! it is a sad, sad face that she turns to the breeze from Edeldorf.

Her director comes to see her twice a day; he is a grave, stern priest—an old man who has shriven criminals on the scaffold—who has accustomed himself to read the most harrowing secrets of the human soul. He should be dead to sensibility, and blunted to all softer emotions, yet he often leaves the Princess with tears in his grave cold eyes.

She is a Roman Catholic; do not therefore argue that her repentance may not avail. She has been a sinner—scarlet, if you will, of the deepest dye; do not therefore say that the door of mercy will be shut in her face. There are sins besides those of the feelings—crimes which spring from more polluted sources than the affections. The narrow gate is wide enough for all. If you are striving to reach it, walking hopefully along the strait path, it is better not to turn aside and take upon yourself the punishment of every prostrate bleeding sinner; if you must needs stop, why not bind the gaping wounds, and help the sufferer to resume the

up-hill journey? There are plenty of flints lying about, we know—heavy, sharp, and three-cornered—such as shall strike the poor cowering wretch to the earth, never to rise

again. Which of us shall stoop to lift one of them in defiance of Divine mercy? Which of us shall dare to say, "I am qualified to cast the first stone at her"?

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—THE RETURN OF SPRING.

THE smoke curls up once more from the chimneys of Alton Grange; the woman in possession, she with the soapy arms and unkempt hair, who was always cleaning with no result, has been paid for her occupancy and sent back to her own untidy home in the adjoining village. The windows are fresh painted, the lawn fresh mown, the garden trimmed, and the walks rolled; nay, the unwonted sound of wheels is sometimes heard upon the gravel sweep in front of the house, for the country neighbors, a race who wage unceasing war against anything mysterious, and whose thirst for "news," and energy in the acquisition of gossip, are as meritorious as they are uncalled for, have lavished their attentions on the solitary, and welcomed him back to his lonely home far more warmly than he deserves. The estate, too, has been at nurse ever since he went away. An experienced man of business has taken it into his own especial charge, but somehow the infant has not attained any great increase of vigor under his fostering care, and the proprietor is ungrateful enough to think he could have managed it better for himself. Inside, the house is dark and gloomy still. I miss poor Bold dreadfully. After a day of attention to those trivial details which the landholder dignifies with the title of "business," or worse still, of vacant, dreary hours passed in listless apathy, it is very lonely to return to a solitary dinner and a long silent evening, to feel that the wag of a dog's tail against the floor would be company, and to own there is solace in the sympathy even of a brute's unreasoning eye. It is not good for man to be alone, and that is essentially a morbid state in which solitude is felt to be a comfort and a relief; more especially does the want of occupation and companionship press upon one who has been leading a life of busy every-day excitement such as falls to the lot of the politician or the soldier; and it has always appeared to me that the worst of all possible preparations for the quiet, homely duties of a country gentleman, are the very two professions so generally chosen as the portals by which the heir of a landed estate is to enter life. It takes years to tame the soldier, and the politician seldom really

settles down at all; but of course you will do what your fathers did—if the boy is dull, you will gird a sword upon his thigh; if he is conceited, you will get him into Parliament, and fret at the obtuse deafness of the House. Perhaps you may as well be disappointed one way as the other; whatever you do with him, by the time he is thirty you will wish you had done differently, and so will he. Action, however, is the only panacea for despondency; work, work, is the remedy for lowness of spirits. What am I that I should sit here with folded hands, and repine at the common lot? There are none so humble but they can do some little good, and in this the poor are far more active than the rich. Let me take example by the day laborers at my gate. There is a poor family not a mile from here who sadly lack assistance, and whom for the last fortnight I have neglected to visit. A gleam of sunshine breaks in through the mullioned window, and gilds even the black oak wainscoting: the clouds are passing rapidly away, I will take my hat and walk off at once towards the common. Oh, the hypocrisy of human motives! The poor family are tenants of Constance de Rohan; their cottage lies in the direct road to Beverley Manor.

It has been raining heavily, and the earth is completely saturated with moisture. The late spring, late even for England, is bursting forth almost with tropical luxuriance. Dank and dripping, the fragrant hedges glisten in the noonday beams. Brimful is every blossom in the orchard, fit chalice for the wild bird or the bee. Thick and tufted, the wet grass sprouts luxuriantly in the meadow-lands where the cowslip hangs her scented head, and the buttercup, already dry, reflects the sunshine from its golden hollow. The yellow brook laughs merrily on beneath the foot-bridge, and the swallows shoot hither and thither high up against the clear blue sky. How fresh and tender is the early green of the noble elms in the foreground, and the distant larches on the hill. How sweet the breath of spring; how fair and loveable the smile upon her face. How full of hope and promise and life and light and joy. Oh, the giant capacity for happi-



ness of the human heart. Oh, what a world it might be. What a world it is!

The children are playing about before the door of the cottage on the common. Dirty, and noisy, and rosy, the little urchins stare, wonder-struck, at the stranger, and disappear tumultuously into certain back settlements, where there are a garden, and a beehive, and a pig. An air of increased comfort pervades the dwelling, and its mistress has lost the wan, anxious look it pained me so to see some ten days ago. With a corner of her apron she dusts a chair for me to sit down, and prepares herself for a gossip, in which experience tells me the talking will be all one way. "Her 'old man' is gone out to-day for the first time to his work. He is quite stout again at last, but them low fevers keeps a body down terrible, and the doctor's stuff was no good, and she thinks after all it's the fine weather as has brought him round; leaseways, that and the broth Lady Beverley sent him from the Manor House; and she to come up herself only yesterday was a week, through a pour of rain, poor dear! for foreign parts has not agreed with her, and she's not so rosy as she were when I knew her first, but a born angel all the same, and ever will be."

Tears were in the good woman's eyes, and her voice was choked. I stayed to hear no more. Lady Beverley, as she called her, was, then, once more at home. She had been here—here on this very spot, but one short week ago. I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground she had trodden. I longed if it was only to see her footprints. I, who had schooled myself to such a pitch of stoicism and apathy, who had stifled and rooted out and cut down the germs of passion till I had persuaded myself that they had ceased to exist, and that my heart had become hard and barren as the rock,—I who had thought that when the time came I should meet her in London with a kindly greeting as became an old friend, and never turn to look the way she went; and now, because she had been here a week ago, because there was a possibility of her being at the moment within three miles of where I stood, to feel the blood mounting to my brow, the tears starting to my eyes,—oh! it was scarlet shame, and yet it was burning happiness too.

The sun shone brighter, the birds sang more merrily now. There was no longer a mockery in the spring. The dry branch seemed to blossom once more—the worn and weary nature to imbibe fresh energies and renewed life. There was hope on this side the grave, hope that might be cherished

without bitterness or remorse. Very dark had been the night, but day was breaking at last. Very bitter and tedious had been the winter, but spring, real spring, was bursting forth. I could hardly believe in the prospect of happiness thus opened to me. I trembled to think of what would be my destiny if I should lose it all again.

In the ecstasy of joy, as in the tumult of uncertainty and the agony of grief, there is but one resource for failing human strength, how feeble and failing none know so well as those whom their fellows deem the noblest and the strongest. That resource has never yet played man false at his need. The haughty brow may be compelled to stoop, the boasted force of will be turned aside, the proud spirit be broken and humbled to the dust, the race be lost to the swift and the battle go against the strong, but the victory shall be wrested, the goal shall be attained by the clasped hands and the bended knees, and the loving heart that through good and evil has trusted steadfastly to the end.

I may look the old desk now. I have told my tale; 'tis but the every-day story of the ups and downs of life—the winnings and losses of the game we all sit down to play. One word more, and I have done.

In the solitude of my chamber I took from its hiding-place a withered flower; once it had been a beautiful white rose, how beautiful, how cherished none knew so well as I. Long and steadfastly I gazed at it, conjuring up the while a vision of that wild night, with its flying clouds and its waving fir-trees, and the mocking moonlight shining coldly on the gravel path, and the bitterness of that hour, the bitterest of all that had yet fallen to my lot, and so I fell asleep. And behold it seemed to be noon, mid-summer-noon, in a garden of flowers, hot and bright and beautiful. The butterfly flitted in the sunshine, and the wood-pigeon moulted sweetly and sadly in the shade. Little children with laughing eyes played and rolled about upon the sward, and ran up, warm and eager to offer me posies of the choicest flowers. One by one I refused them all, for amongst the pride of the garden there was none to me like my own withered rose that I had cherished so long, and I turned away from each as it was brought me, and pressed her closer to my heart where she always lay.

Then, even as I clasped her she bloomed in her beauty once more, fresh and pure and radiant as of old, steeping my very soul in fragrance, a child of earth indeed, but waiting her sweetness up to heaven.

And I awoke, and prayed that it might not be all a dream.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 14 Jan.

### A WAY TO END THE MORMON WAR.

THERE is something altogether anomalous in the relations which subsist between the inhabitants of Utah and the general government. To a man, the people of that territory are averse to the kind of government provided for them at Washington. It interferes with their theoretic principles, and is an obstruction to what they conceive to be the true destiny of the Saints. The Mormons find it as impossible to transfer their allegiance from Brigham Young and Elder Pratt and the Mormon Bible to Gentile governors, like Steptoe or Cummings, and the American constitution, as it would have been for the children of Israel to have surrendered Moses or Joshua and the Decalogue for the idolatrous rule of Pharaoh or of Amalek. Against this community forming an integral portion of our population, and protected by a government sustained mainly at our own expense, we find ourselves involved in a deadly and expensive war. For the first time in the history of our government, it is in open conflict with one of its constituent sovereignties. In prosecuting this war, we have already incurred an expense which cannot fall short of \$20,000,000, and if we go on upon the principle and to the end marked out by the Administration, it will cost over \$50,000,000, besides multiplying to a fearful extent the sect which it aims to extirpate.

In view of these facts, ought we not to pause and consider whether we are acting wisely, whether we are acting prudently, whether we are acting in harmony with the principles of popular sovereignty upon which this government is based? We will not say that we are not; we will not say that the Mormon heresy ought not to be extirpated, or that their rebellious leaders ought not to receive exemplary punishment; but is it not barely possible that we are taking precisely the course best calculated to aggravate the fanaticism we deplore, and do not the principles upon which this government was founded, and the precedents by which it has been conducted, indicate a different policy? Let us see:

I. As a nation, we profess to recognise the principle that the government is made for man, and not man for the government; that the people have a right to govern themselves in their own way, and that the forms and

restrictions preferred by a majority are best adapted to the comfort and prosperity of the whole.

II. Utah is occupied exclusively by Mormons and Indians. Besides them there is, we believe, no permanent population, certainly not enough to entitle them to a territorial government.

III. The Indians desire no government, and the Mormons have already one of the most perfect organizations for all their political purposes in the world. In no country is life and property better, if as well protected, as at Salt Lake; in none does the government harmonise so entirely with the tastes and necessities of the people. This is the unanimous opinion of all who have had the best means of studying their organization.

IV. The government imposed upon them by the United States, though much wiser in the eyes of most Americans, and better suited to an enlightened community, does not suit these people. They prefer a Saint for their governor to any Gentile in Christendom; they prefer a judiciary of Divine appointment to a judiciary of Mr. Buchanan's appointment; they prefer inspired legislation to the legislation of Congress. All these preferences they think are secured to them under the administration of Brigham Young. They feel they would be denied them all, under the rule of Governor Cummings. Now the question is, whether we have any right, and if we have a right, whether we have any inducement to compel these people to submit to a rule which is not only not their choice, but which their religion condemns. It is not clear to us that we have either. Here, in the East, we insist upon the privilege of making our own laws and selecting our rulers. Why should not the Mormons to the same, so long as the indulgence of their whims or fanaticism does not circumscribe any of our rights?—and we do not see that they do, in the least.

Why should we be at the expense of furnishing a government for Utah, and of sustaining it with an army at an annual expense of millions, if it is, after all, not only not such a government as is acceptable to the people of that territory, but on that very account is not such a government as we have always claimed the privilege of enjoying for ourselves? If the people of Utah prefer to

take care of themselves; if they do not ask or need our protection; if they are prevented by their religion from submitting to the offices we put upon them, why should we be at the expense of furnishing them protection and public officers? We gain nothing by it, unless an excuse for enlarging our army and running the nation in debt twenty or thirty millions of dollars, be regarded, as it doubtless will be, by some, as a gain. The nation at large, however, will hardly look upon such results with favor, especially when they come to reflect that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the pagan as well as of the Christian church, and that every drop of Mormon blood spilled in defence of their religion and rights of self-government, will make the soil on which it falls swarm with Mormons, and in another year, where they now number hundreds, they will number thousands.

In view of all these circumstances, is not the wisest and most statesmanlike course we can pursue, to withdraw our troops, repeal the Territorial law of Utah, and restore the inhabitants to the unorganized and lawless state from which they were taken by the Territorial act of 1850? They will then have no laws but of their own making, no rules but of their own choosing, and no enemies but for their own fighting. We shall be released from an expensive war; from the responsibilities of a distant and expensive government of no earthly advantage to us, and for which nobody thanks us. We will convert those people into important allies in prosecuting our trans-continental commerce with the Pacific, and in opening steam and electrical communication with California.

There are but two imaginable objections to this course. The first is, that if we abandon the war, we allow polygamy and its adulterous enormities to spread and take root upon American soil, and, secondly, we bring discredit upon the American arms. As to the first objection, it will be enough to quote what Gamaliel said to the Pharisees on the trial of Peter and the other Apostles:

"Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what you intend to do as touching these men. For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves: who was slain, and all as many as obeyed him were scattered and brought to nought.

"After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of taxing, and drew away much people after him: he also perished; and all even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed.

"And now I say unto you refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Gamaliel's advice is just as applicable to the Pharisees of our day as to those of his own. If the Mormon superstition be of men, it will in due time come to nought—Brigham Young, in the course of time, will pass to his account; before that, perhaps his followers will be divided in opinion or alienated from him. A thousand things may happen in God's good time to dispel the delusion which enslaves them, and when emancipated they will be our allies; they will have built up perhaps a large and wealthy community in the desert, and removed obstacles to the progress of our civilization westward, which may stand in greater need than we now suspect of just such assistance as may be rendered by a people organized by fanaticism, under a ruler whose will is law and whose service is perfect obedience. How much better, then, when the day of their deliverance comes, that they be our friends than our enemies—that their intercourse with us is associated with pleasant memories and not with bloody traditions and armed strife!

As for discrediting our arms by abandoning Utah, it will be time enough to meet that objection when any person can be found ignorant enough to doubt the ability of our government to execute judgment upon the Mormons. The disparity of force is such between us and them, that the prosecution of the war is no evidence of valor, while the abandonment of it would illustrate some of the rarest and brightest of national as well as individual virtues—magnanimity towards our enemies, faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, and perfect reliance upon the great principles of religious toleration, upon which all good government reposes.

We have not inquired whether any important rights have become vested under the Utah territorial act, but it is hardly possible that any have, except such as have become divested by the revolutionary attitude of the

\* Acts, chap. v.

people. If we are correct in this impression, it certainly seems well worth while for our rulers at Washington to consider whether at least one of the embarrassments under which the present administration is sinking may not be removed.

From The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, 19 Jan.

### THE UTAH QUESTION.

WE have repeatedly expressed in these columns, the opinion which, we think prevails in the minds of law abiding men in every quarter of the Union, in favor of a vigorous and efficient prosecution of the campaign for the suppression of the Utah rebellion, and of enforcing the authority of the United States among those misguided people. On this subject there has been a very general agreement, among all shades of politicians, and in all sections of the country. Indeed, it is almost a matter of wonder, that with the disposition so apparent, in Congress and out, to turn every public question to political account, there has thus far been no attempt to make political capital out of the Utah question. But so just and wise are the suggestions contained in the Message of the President, and so essential to the maintenance of the authority and dignity of the government, is the enforcement of law in Utah, that thus far no one has called in question the propriety of the course adopted by the government, or disapproved of the line of policy by which the object is sought to be accomplished.

We have felt it to be our duty on more than one occasion, to call attention to the erroneous impressions which seem to have gone abroad, more from lack of reflection than from any want of information on the subject, touching the objects to be accomplished in the movement against the rebellion in Utah. We have urged the great importance of distinguishing between the suppression of a rebellion, and the crushing out of the religion of any sect, however fallacious or obnoxious to the principles generally entertained by the people of this country. We have a high duty to perform, in maintaining, untarnished, our national authority and sovereignty, but we have no right to interfere in the slightest degree, with the religious views and sentiments of any class or sect. As individuals we may appropriately seek to change or reform them; as a government

we have no control or direction over any man's conscience. If the peculiar religious views of the Mormons lead to a course of action, in the discharge of their duties as citizens of a Territory of the United States, incompatible with the Constitution and laws of the country; if, in pursuing the course which their devotion to Mormonism dictates, they are thus led into rebellion against the government, let us put down the rebellion and punish the treason, but in no manner enter upon a crusade against Mormonism, or for a moment seek to drive the Mormon people from the country. Let us rather require them to submit, like good citizens, to the laws, than seek to drive them beyond our jurisdiction. In other words, it would be our policy, instead of driving these people out, as outcasts and wanderers upon the earth, to induce them to remain to occupy the houses which their labor has made comfortable, and to enjoy in common with others, the privileges and benefits which our institutions confer upon all who submit to their just and reasonable requirements. Delusions like Mormonism are sooner dispelled, and their believers more readily convinced of their errors, when brought into association and contiguity with more rational and justifiable principles and practices; and this, the greatest delusion of the nineteenth century, cannot long withstand the test to which the light of a higher intelligence, and a better understanding of the relations of man to his Creator would subject it.

These are the general views, and this the line of policy, which have seemed to be demanded by the circumstances attending the rebellion, as it appears to be properly called, which has sprung up in Utah. But while we thus agree to the necessity and the duty of dealing promptly with the case, there are other aspects in which the question assumes a serious import, and which to contemplate, sickens the heart of every philanthropist, and every friend of humanity. The Mormons are so thoroughly deluded, so completely in the power of Brigham Young, that we do not doubt they religiously believe they are doing God service, in assuming this attitude of hostility to our Government. They consider themselves a persecuted people, they have been driven from Nauvoo, from Jackson County, Missouri, as they believe, on account of their religious faith.



They settled in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, supposing the situation so secluded, as to be beyond the reach of other settlers for a century, and that they should there, unmolested and in quiet, enjoy the institutions and the practices, monstrous though they are, which so widely separate them from all other citizens of the Union. But they did not make proper allowance for the energy of the American people, and above all, they could not have foreseen the acquisition of our Pacific possessions, which has placed their hitherto secluded valley, in the exact highway between settled parts of the Union. These circumstances have broken the charm of their seclusion, brought them in frequent and unpleasant contact with people entertaining the utmost disgust for their system, and convinced them that one of three alternatives was in store for them,—the downfall of their system, the transfer of the colony to some other locality, or resistance to the United States authority, and an independent system of government in accordance with their belief.

The latter of these three alternatives has been adopted, as it would seem from the acts of hostility already committed, but it is generally believed that this is but an expedient, to gain time and opportunity for the better accomplishment of the other, and more feasible plan of removal to another locality. Few men are yet willing to believe that so shrewd and sagacious a leader as Brigham Young can have any serious expectation of setting up within the limits and jurisdiction of the United States a Theocracy, based upon the Mormon religion, and independent of the government of this country. It seems therefore more probable that the present policy is only a temporary expedient, to enable him to prepare for a movement of the entire body to another field, where they can begin anew, as they have already thrice done, to establish themselves as a separate community.

The government, in preparing for the campaign against Utah, must take the worst aspect of the case, and send out a force which will be able beyond a peradventure, to reduce the people of the territory to subjection. With the great uncertainty which exists about the population and military force of Utah, the long and difficult transportation of troops and supplies, and the great distance and difficulty of sending rein-

forcements, it is agreed by military men that the campaign must be on a large scale, and that it will necessarily be late in the next summer, if not positively as late as autumn, before the whole force can reach the scene of action. On reaching the Salt Lake valley, either that whole region will be found deserted by the Mormons, and the troops have nothing to do but to winter there, and march ingloriously back, or a scene of warfare and the destruction of innocent life must ensue, which is painful to contemplate. For however we may denounce the rebellion, and justly punish its instigators, it is unquestionably true, that seven-eighths of the inhabitants of Utah are innocent of any intended wrong. Blind followers of their acknowledged leaders, they know no law or policy, but to obey their directions, and believe they are thus discharging their duty.

Is there any other mode of disposing of this question, which shall be alike honorable to this government, in accordance with the dictates of humanity, and just to the subjects of our displeasure? To tamper with parties guilty of undoubted treason, would be neither dignified or just, but under the peculiar circumstances of the case, and considering the infatuation under which the Mormons as a body are laboring, it is worthy of consideration, whether some course cannot be adopted, which shall prevent the great destruction of human life, and the almost untold expense which must attend a military movement against these people. If any such way is open, if by a policy peaceful in its character, and having for its object the best interests of the inhabitants of Utah, and the maintenance of the honor and dignity of the government, so great an expenditure of blood and treasure can be avoided, and the question placed beyond danger of repetition, there would be cause for congratulation in all quarters.

We have reason to believe that such a result is possible, that it would be hailed by the Mormons as a deliverance from a very serious dilemma, as a means of establishing themselves beyond the reach of future annoyance, and bring no dishonor upon the government of the United States. Circumstances, which we may not mention in detail, lead us to think that the whole difficulty may possibly be got rid of by negotiation, easier than by force, negotiation not in the way of compounding treason, for this would be inadmis-

sible, but negotiation for the purchase by the Government, of the improvements and property of the Mormons in the Salt Lake Valley, and the consent on their part, to retire to some point beyond the limits of the United States. If our information is not greatly at fault, such a course would meet with the approval and acquiescence of the Mormons, it would avoid all sacrifice of life, and an immense expenditure of money, and relieve the government of a perplexing question, in our domestic policy.

We are aware that objections may be made to negotiating with Brigham Young on account of his acts of hostility against the United States. While we hold to a rigid adherence to the policy of enforcing the laws and upholding the dignity of the country, it does appear worthy of consideration whether the peculiar circumstances of this case and the singular mixing up of such elements of religious fanaticism do not make it an exception to the general rule, applicable to acts of treason or rebellion. That such a disposition of the subject might be made we entertain no doubt, and we throw out the suggestion for the consideration of the public, believing that if the matter is managed with a proper regard for the rights and positions of the parties, some arrangement may be made, which shall be satisfactory and just to the people of Utah, while it does not compromise

the character or dignity of the government and people of the United States.

The contemplation of a peaceful disposition of this question, should not, until its feasibility is established beyond a doubt, lead to any suspension of the military preparations for the reduction of the Utah rebellion. We have learned enough of Brigham Young, to take nothing on trust, and until his disposition is fully known, and the adjustment of the difficulty placed beyond a contingency, the Government should be prepared for any movement which the exigency of the case may demand. But it will require but a few weeks time to test the practicability of a measure, such as we have suggested, and we are not probably mistaken in supposing that the subject has received consideration in official quarters. Neither are we very liable to err, when we express the opinion, that our Government has reason to suppose that the Mormons would listen with satisfaction, to terms such as we have indicated.

This whole subject is hedged about with difficulties, and while all agree as to the importance of prompt and vigorous action, we apprehend that very few have any adequate idea of the expense to be incurred, in preparing for the campaign. The cost is to be counted by millions, and we venture to say will be one of the heaviest items in our national expenditure for years to come. Nevertheless the cost is the smallest consideration in the evils attending the expedition.

**THE GRAVE OF PATRICK HENRY.**—Virginia will no longer be taunted with the reproach that the remains of the great statesman, Patrick Henry, rest within her limits, without one stone to mark the spot where they lie. At last the patriotic task of erecting a monument over his grave has been undertaken by his two surviving sons. It were more appropriate that the State which claims the maternity of the fearless champion of liberty should have erected this tribute to his memory and fame, but it will be a satisfaction to know that this duty, long deferred, has been at length performed, even by private individuals. The Richmond Enquirer gives the following description of the tombstone:

"It consists simply of a solid wall of fine sandstone,—quarried on the place,—nine feet ten inches square, and two feet high, with a superstructure six feet square, twenty-two inches high, with marble slabs projecting over the sides. On one of the slabs is inscribed:—

'Patrick Henry. Born May 29th, 1736. Died June 6th, 1799. His fame, his best epitaph.' On the other:—'Dorothea Dandridge, wife of Patrick Henry. Born in the year 1755. Died February 14th, 1831.' It will thus be seen that his wife sleeps by his side. In Charlotte county, at Red Hill, the residence of John Henry, Esq., these sacred relics lie. Would it not be well for the State of Virginia to add a single stone, at least, to the modest monument that marks the grave of PATRICK HENRY?"

**WALTER SCOTT'S POEMS IN "BLUE AND GOLD."**—Little, Brown & Company have just issued "The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott," in three volumes, in the "blue and gold" style, so popular at the present time. The volumes will be highly prized by the many admirers of Sir Walter in this country. Some of the verses introduced into his novels are fine specimens of devotional poetry, and are sung in many of our churches.—*Transcript.*

From The British Quarterly Review.

- (1.) *Notices of the most remarkable Meteors in India, of the fall of which accounts have been published.* By G. Buist, LL.D., F.R.S. L. & E. *Bombay Geographical Transactions.* 8vo. 1850.
- (2.) *The Comets; a Descriptive Treatise, with Accounts of Modern Discoveries, and a Table of all Calculated Comets.* By J. Russell Hind, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. 12mo. 1852.
- (3.) *The Comet of 1856.* By J. Russell Hind, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. 12mo. 1857.
- (4.) *Reports on Observations of Luminous Meteors.* By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. Presented to the British Association. 8vo. 1847 to 1856.
- (5.) *Athenæum*, Sept. 5, 1857.

THE learned philosopher who proposed that we should all wear helmets to protect us against the stones that fall from the sky was only jesting; but the thousands of our countrymen who were frightened last spring by the predicted approach of a comet, felt it to be no joking matter, and many took strange precautions against it. Yet the meteorites are perhaps the more dangerous of the two: at least, it is on record that a friar at Crema, a monk at Milan, two Swedish sailors on board ship, and a herdsman and some cattle near Bordeaux, were killed by this aerial artillery, while it is doubtful whether any human being was ever injured by a comet, or could be, except through his imagination.

Much has been written of late about both these classes of phenomena; but it is remarkable that, while comets have attracted the attention of mankind in all ages, and shooting stars and luminous meteors have been constantly noticed, the periodicity of the fiery rain was not observed until within our own day, and the fall of meteoric stones was not recognized as a fact by the learned till the beginning of the present century. One nation alone has recorded these appearances in its astronomical annals — that strange people the Chinese, who made fireworks with gunpowder long before Friar Bacon was born, and directed their land carriages by the magnetic compass, when the loadstone was a matter only of curious spec-

ulation in the western world. Their records begin before Christ 687. Some of the Greek philosophers indeed talked of stones that fell from the sun, one at Egospotamos especially, "as big as a cart," but others derided the notion; we read doubtless of *bæuli* that fell in "a globe of fire," but these seem confounded with belemnites and flint arrow-heads. Uranus, it is true, had the reputation of fabricating stones, and the Phœnicians, who worshipped the sun, had no statue of him, but a conical black stone, which they believed he had sent down to them as his representative; yet we have a suspicion of anything mixed up with mythology. Livy certainly says, that in the days of Tullus Hostilius there fell a shower of stones on the Alban Mount, and that the senate, sceptical about the statement, sent commissioners who reported it true enough; yet without the aid of Niebuhr we can afford to be at least as sceptical of stories of that period as the *Patres Conscripti* were of the prodigy. In the middle ages again, marvels of all kinds were occasionally noted; but the tales about fiery lances, or stones from heaven, are generally put in the same category as those of griffins, or geese proceeding from barnacles. Even where these meteors were well authenticated a supernatural solution was found for them: thus at noon of November 7th, 1492, a loud confused noise was heard, and a stone weighing 260lbs. flew down from the skies, and buried itself in a wheatfield near Ensheim, but was dug up, visited by the Emperor Maximilian and other notables, and hung up in the church as something miraculous: and eighteen years afterwards a shower of 1120 stones rattled down near Milan, but Cardan in narrating the circumstance finds in it a political significance. Thus while the imaginary stone, which if projected into tin or lead, could turn those base metals into gold, was greedily sought by every philosopher, those really projected from heaven were disregarded; and while there was considered to be no pursuit wiser than that of tracing the occult influence of planets over the destinies of men, any astronomer who had ventured the idea that fragments of these planets came to visit in person those mortals over whose actions they had such control, would have been pitied as a visionary, if not chained as a madman, or burnt as a heretic. However, about sixty years ago, just at the revi-

val of science, and when thinking men, disgusted with the recent vagaries of scepticism, began to grope their way to rational faith, so many brilliant phenomena, accompanied by the fall of stones, occurred, that the notice of the scientific world and its belief could no longer be withheld. The stories, doubtless were marvellous, the appearances seemed perfectly unaccountable, yet the testimony was so strong and so varied, that it could not be gainsaid, and as there are no prejudices in the human heart against meteoric stones, it was not deemed philosophical to doubt any more. From Flam-borough Head, from Glasgow, from Agen near the Pyrenees, from Villefranche in the department of the Rhone, and from Benares accounts of their fall poured in; at Barbotan near Bordeaux, at L'Aigle in Normandy, at Sienna in Italy, and at Weston in Connecticut, grand showers occurred; both the French and English annalists found that these stones differed from any terrestrial productions; a careful examination of them by Mr. Howard appeared in the "Philosophical Transactions;" and, finally, these fallen masses were introduced into the company of reputable facts, and were christened Meteoric stones, Aerolites, or Meteorites. The fiery clouds from which they sometimes fell were naturally connected with those fiery meteors that were observed not unfrequently to fly across the vault of heaven and burst, and these again were separated by no distinct line of demarcation from shooting or falling stars. Speculations as to their origin of course arose, and they engaged the powers of such distinguished men as Olbers, Laplace, Biot, Chladni, Berzelius, Humboldt, and Herschel. Ancient records were ransacked for observations, old lists from China and Hungary were turned over, a mass of data was accumulated, and new catalogues were carefully compiled by Charles, Chladni, Von Hoff, Kämtz, Boguslawski, Baden Powell, Coulvier Gravier, and others. Dr. Buist has collected an immense number of observations in India, and wherever star-gazers now exist there are those who watch for these errant bodies, and note their ways. Of course they hold a place in works both of astronomy and meteorology; and form the theme of many separate treatises, one of the best of which that we have come across is in the *Museum of Science and Art*, edited by Dr. Lardner.

These accumulated observations are immense. Among the works at the head of this article we have placed the catalogue which the Rev. Baden Powell annually presents to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It contains all the observations which he is able to obtain from any source during the year, systematically arranged and tabulated, with an appendix, in which anything extraordinary is particularly described. These observations amount already to many thousands. Every year a fresh catalogue makes its appearance, and the compiler has not yet set himself to the work of generalization. We remember when, on one occasion, in Section A of the British Association, the learned Professor stepped forward with his annual catalogue, he ran over with his finger the leaves of the bulky manuscript, and began with a benignant smile and the assurance, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not going to read all this." In like manner, courteous reader, we beg of you not to be alarmed. After a fashion we have gone through the whole, but we do not ask you to follow us, but simply to listen to some of the more characteristic or striking phenomena, and to give attention to such theories as have been founded on them.

But before listening to theories we must look at hard facts, and the hardest of these are the stones themselves. Let us pay a visit to the British Museum. Passing the statuary of Greece and Rome, of Assyria and Egypt, up the staircase with its Papyri; through the rooms where, from their marble graves, extinct saurians and molluscs tell the wonders of primeval time; past cases of glittering minerals, till, at the end of the last room, we observe a huge, shapeless mass of iron, described as a Meteorite, which fell in Gran Chaco, La Plata, weighing 1400 lbs.; and in the adjoining glass-cases, many scores of stones, and metallic lumps, inscribed with the place and the date of their fall. There are some; like the large one from Thwing, in Yorkshire, and the fragment from Iowa, that might be mistaken for ordinary limestone, but enclosed in a thin black crust; others black as charcoal, like those that fell in Old Bokkeveld, Cape of Good Hope, October 13, 1838; some like a metallic honeycomb, filled with a white mineral; and others, again, which appear pure iron within, though a black crust encases them. There are speci-



mens of the showers of Barbotan and Sienna, and of L'Aigle—of which more hereafter. The fragments are of various sizes, from that of a boy's marble to the Gran Chaco mass, more than two feet in its longest diameter. Several of these metallic masses, as that from Murfreesboro, in Tennessee, have been partially polished, and on these portions there are frequently evident the Widmanstättian figures, markings which simulate crystallizations, and which may be best compared to the interlacing pattern of the strands in a cane-bottomed chair, but without its regularity, or to the cross-hatchings of a line engraving. We believe these figures are peculiar to aerolites, and have never been seen in any iron of mortal fabrication. They are most apparent in a piece found in Lenarto, in Hungary, in 1814. Among those stones which have been seen actually to fall from the skies, are placed several which are not known to have had so exalted an origin, but which, from their general appearance, chemical composition, and peculiarity of situation, are believed to be meteorites. It will be easily understood that a large portion of those that actually fall are not seen to do so, and there is this circumstance tending greatly to the recognition of such masses, that iron does not occur native in the earth, unless it be as a thin stratum somewhere in Siberia, and sometimes in fine granules in mica slate or basalt. Hence, if an irregular lump of iron be found, which cannot give a good account of itself, it becomes a fair object of suspicion, and should be seized; and, if other circumstances confirm the fact of its being a trespasser on this our globe, it may lawfully be imprisoned in a meteorological cabinet. Mistakes, however, are of course liable to occur in this respect: thus, about eighteen months ago, a tree was cut down in Battersea fields, and a large mass of iron was found curiously embedded in the timber. A meteorite! shouted the learned men; the tree was secured, the iron was found to contain nickel and other meteoric constituents; the last meeting of the session of the Royal Society was held immediately afterwards, and in hot haste Sir Roderick Murchison, backed by a great American authority, described the wondrous treasure. But, alas! some of the Jermyn-street savans had picked up in the garden, where the tree grew, some lumps of metal and slag from an iron furnace, and one of

these, when analysed by Dr. Percy, talked most provokingly with the embedded mass. So no more was heard of the Battersea meteorite.

What has the chemist to say about these stones? for as we have already seen, he pronounces rather authoritatively from the depths of his laboratory. We learn from him that meteorites are of two sorts, earthy or metallic, and that many are of mixed character. The earthy portion is mainly crystalline silicate of magnesia, called olivine, often contaminated with lime, alumina, potash or soda. The metallic portion is invariably iron, which is usually, if not always, mixed with a small quantity of nickel, cobalt, sulphur, and phosphorus; chromium, manganese, zinc, tin, lead, and arsenic have been noticed in small quantities, with carbon and chlorine, the last, of course, in combination with one of the metals. Titanium, cerium, yttrium, and zirconium, are likewise mentioned in some analyses, but only as traces, and we do not feel quite clear about them. Professor J. Lawrence Smith has lately shown, that besides proper iron pyrites, there frequently exist in the middle of the metal pieces of a bright yellow definite combination of iron, nickel, and phosphorus, which is not known to occur elsewhere, and which he has denominated Shreibersite. It used to be supposed that nickel was never found in combination with terrestrial iron, but this seems to be an error; though while these metals are not often associated in the earth beneath, they appear inseparable in the regions above. These stones and metallic masses, as we have already intimated, are usually covered with a black crust: this is simply oxide of iron. It is sharply defined, and frequently appears to have been fused, though, according to Humboldt, the greatest heat of a porcelain furnace can produce nothing similar, at least not without melting the inner portion of the iron ball.

Now that we have made acquaintance with these marvellous masses as they lie quietly before us in the Museum, we must inquire in what state they introduce themselves to men. With much splendor and a mighty tumult they make their entry; but they give no previous announcement of their visit, and whether they plunge into the sea or tear up a meadow, or dart through the thatch of a cottage, they ask no leave of man. At all

hours they fall, fair weather or foul is alike to them, a cloudless sky or an electric hurricane. The general story of their descent runs somewhat thus. A little cloud is seen rapidly traversing the sky (dark by day, luminous by night), then exploding with a loud report it lets fly a shower of stones, or, perhaps, one stone whizzes down, and buries itself several feet in the earth, in a slanting direction; the astonished spectators dig it up, when it feels hot, and emits a sulphurous smell. They talk about it of course, and eventually it finds its way into the hands of the curious. But this is a commonplace narrative. The following is M. Biot's summary of all he could gather about the striking phenomenon at L'Aigle:—

“On Tuesday, the 6th Floriel, year 11 (26th April, 1803), about one o'clock, P. M., the weather being serene, there was observed from Caen, Pont d'Andemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendor, and which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity. Some seconds after there was heard at L'Aigle, and in the environs of that town to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction, a violent explosion which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four reports like those of cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled the firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, and the sky serene, except a few clouds such as are frequently observed. The noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, the longest side being in the direction from east to west. It appeared motionless all the time that the phenomenon lasted, but the vapors of which it was composed were projected every moment from different sides by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the N. N. W. of the town of L'Aigle. It was at a considerable elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets a league distant from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud was suspended, there was heard a hissing noise, like that of a stone discharged from a sling, and a great many mineral masses exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of meteoric stones were seen to fall. The district in which these masses were projected forms an elliptical space of about two and a half leagues in length and nearly one in breadth, the greatest dimension being in a direction from S. E. to N. W., forming a declination

of about  $22^{\circ}$ . This direction which the meteor must have followed, is exactly that of the magnetic meridian, which is a remarkable circumstance. The greatest of these stones fell at the south eastern extremity of the large axis of the ellipse, the middle sized in the centre, and the smallest at the other extremity. Hence it appears that the largest fell first, as might naturally be supposed. The largest of all those that fell weighs  $17\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., the smallest which I have seen weighs about two gros (1000th part of the last). The number of all those which fell is certainly above 2000 or 3000.”

The luminosity of meteorites in their descent need not be wondered at, for the percussion of a mass of iron flying through the atmosphere with such a velocity can be shown to be quite sufficient to render it instantly red hot, and the sudden heat may account likewise for the bursting, and the presence of oxygen in the air easily explains the black crust of oxide.

Now if fiery globes are in the habit of flying over our earth for many leagues before they pour down their iron ordnance, it cannot but happen that they themselves should be sometimes seen when the projectiles are not observed; for the fiery ball, especially if several miles above the earth, will attract the attention of many for a great distance round, while the broken masses may fall in a desert place, or the depths of a forest, or out at sea. What are called Bolides, or fire-balls, appear to be of this character, and it is not surprising that the connection between these and aerolites cannot be often established by actual observation, for it must be remembered that by day they will generally appear as a little cloud scarcely differing from others in the sky, and thus attracting no attention, though the descent of the stones has then the best chance of being seen; while, on the other hand, at night they will be a cloud of fire extremely visible, but the detached masses will not be seen in their descent; and should some bits be afterwards lighted on, what indication would there be in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that they were not ordinary stones or pieces of slag?

We believe, indeed, that the luminous meteors which figure so extensively in the catalogue above mentioned are phenomena strictly analogous to the L'Aigle fireball; but we do not necessarily affirm that the solid mass or some portion of it always reaches the earth. We select one or two

narratives. Professor Bond, of Cambridge, United States, thus describes the meteor of September 30, 1850, which is called Jenny Lind's:

"My attention was called to this phenomenon by Miss Jenny Lind, who happening at the time of its first appearance to be looking at the planet Saturn through the great equatorial telescope, nearly in the direction of the meteor's path, was startled by a sudden flash of light, no doubt much concentrated by the power of the glass; probably not more than a second of time intervened before the meteor exploded, leaving a bright train of light some  $8^{\circ}$  long, extending from near the head of Medusa towards a point  $3^{\circ}$  below the star Alpha Arietis, this being the direction of motion, and projecting a portion of its mass forward about two degrees."

Professor Bond then describes how this train lasted more than an hour, becoming tortuous in its form, and he appends diagrams of its appearance at various times.

The next is one that appeared in England, February 11th, 1850:

"At Oxford, Mrs. Baden Powell described the appearance as of a small globe advancing and rapidly expanding by three or four successive jerks or bursts, at each burst remaining stationary for an instant, and thus forming successively larger globes intensely bright and blue, all the while emitting a stream of sparks on each side, till the final globe was nearly as large as the moon, which dissipated into brilliant globules shot of in all directions and appearing to fall. It was compared by another person present to an umbrella pushed onwards and alternately opened and shut rapidly."

The following is also from a lady:

"On the evening of Friday, March 19, [1847], A. and I left Albion road, [Holloway], about half-past eight. Not any stars were then visible, but when we were in Highbury-place, A. called my attention to what we thought a fire-balloon ascending slowly. It was in the west, a little inclining to the south. As it passed on slowly to the west, its intense brilliance convinced me that it was not an earthly thing. When it appeared to be over Hampstead (but as high in the heavens as the sun is at six o'clock in the evening when the days are longest) it shot forth several fiery coruscations, and whilst we were gazing at it broke into an *intensely* radiant cloud: this cloud sailed on slowly, and we never took our eyes off it. At this time the stars were shining. When we were

in the gravel path opposite to Highbury-terrace, the cloud was higher in the heavens and more to the west. It cast a most brilliant light on the houses there, brighter than moonlight, and unlike any light I ever saw. It appeared of a blue tint on the bricks, but there was no *blue* light in the cloud itself. Suddenly, over the radiant cloud appeared another cloud *still* more brilliant, but I now felt so awe-struck, that I cannot say precisely how long they hung one over the other before the most wonderful sight happened. Perhaps they remained so for two or three minutes, when from the upper cloud a small fiery ball (about the size that the largest planets appear to the naked eye) dropped into the lower cloud, and was instantly absorbed. Soon after, another similar ball dropped from the upper to the lower cloud, and then a ball apparently four or five times the size of the two preceding, fell from one cloud to the other, in the same wonderful way. Shortly after this both clouds disappeared, apparently absorbed in the heavens, though I did see a few particles of the brilliant clouds floating about for a minute or so. Presently the moon appeared, considerably to the northward of the place where the clouds had hung. We then saw the bright light across the heavens, which you told me was zodiacal light, which lasted for more than an hour."

We wish that every lady would describe so carefully and graphically whatever extraordinary phenomenon she was fortunate enough to see; and every gentleman too. It is not often that a meteor is so honored as one that shot across the sky one night at Aden, and was mistaken by the sentry at the Turkish walls for an alarm rocket. "He discharged his musket accordingly, and gave the usual notice, when the whole garrison were summoned to arms. This is perhaps the only meteor on record that caused three thousand men to be roused from their slumbers," says Dr. Buist, and, appropriately enough, the date of the pleasant incident was April 1st.

It is exceedingly valuable when several persons in different places have made accurate observations on the same meteor. Thus, in respect to that of February 11th, 1850, already described, M<sup>r</sup>. Glaisher was able to determine, by a comparison of data furnished by different parties, that its height at the first appearance was 84 miles, nearly over a point 13 miles north-east of Montgomery; that its height at disappearance was 19 miles, nearly 14 miles south-east of Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, where it exploded; that the

height of the sparks falling from it at their disappearance was 10 miles; that its path was parabolic; its real velocity 30 miles per second, and its real diameter from 1200 to 2000 feet. Of this last particular more hereafter.

In speaking of luminous meteors, we do not know how to discriminate between these more striking phenomena and what are commonly called falling or shooting stars. There is every gradation, from the gigantic balls of flame exploding violently, and flinging about pieces of metal, through brilliant shooting stars rivalling Jupiter in apparent size and leaving a luminous trail behind them, to those faint streaks and sparks of light which dart in silence across a portion of the heavens. The difference may be only one of distance, though in the first-mentioned cases the greater attraction exerted by the earth and the denser atmosphere affecting the movements of the solid body, may cause a different termination of its career.

It may be well to point out here certain errors which affect observations of meteors. The height above the horizon is apt to be exaggerated, and so is the brightness; the idea of nearness has evidently been frequently given by a meteor which has been proved from simultaneous observations in different places to have been very far off. But the most remarkable fallacy is in respect to the size—or rather there are two fallacies, the ignorant and the scientific. The ignorant fallacy is one rather of expression, when an observer records that the meteor appeared “about the size of an egg,” or “had a tail six feet long and two inches wide.” Now we are all apt to use such comparisons, and possibly if we made them only for our own edification, there would not be much harm in them; but it must be remembered that an egg looks of a very different size, according to the distance at which we see it, and so a meteor can only look the size of an egg *held at a certain distance*, an element of the calculation we have never once seen noticed in these records of observations. And this is a fatal want, for no two persons perhaps place their imaginary egg at the same distance from the eye, and thus each adopts his own standard. When an observer describes the luminous appearance by a comparison with one of the heavenly bodies, it is perfectly intelligible, for their apparent size does not materially

change; thus “twice the size of Saturn,” or “a little smaller than the full moon,” are good descriptions; and if the angle subtended by the luminous body can be determined, that, of course, is better still; but, on the account of the rapidity of the phenomenon, this can rarely be obtained. The scientific fallacy is that into which some astronomers have fallen, who, in computing the bulk of the incandescent mass from its apparent size and its ascertained distance, have made out enormous dimensions; for, instance, that one seen on January 18th, 1713, measured 2600 feet across! Dimensions really comparable with those of the little planets that are now found in such numbers. We have never had any faith in these gigantic proportions, and are glad to see that Professor Lawrence Smith has drawn especial attention to the fact, that no conclusion can be drawn from the apparent diameter of a highly-luminous body at a distance. He found that an electric light from carbon points, the size of which was in reality three-tenths of an inch, appeared at 100 yards one-half the diameter of the moon, at a quarter of a mile three times her diameter, and at half a mile three and a half times her size. He invites us to look at a row of street lamps, seen nearly in a line from the eye, and to observe that the apparent diameters of the flames do not decrease at all for a considerable distance; and even then by no means in proportion to the law of perspective. It is the more important to notice this fallacy as grand deductions have been drawn from the supposed prodigious dimensions of these glowing balls.

These meteors are generally colored, and this circumstance has attracted considerable attention, not only because the color is often very striking, but because it may be indicative of their composition, since different metals burn with differently colored flames; but there are several difficulties about the determination of colors which are apt to mislead.

We are inclined to believe, in the first place, that a sudden bright light quickly disappearing conveys a different impression of color to different observers; at any rate, the meteor of August 12th, 1850, is described by one party as yellow, by another as “of a beautiful clear blue.” But supposing all persons have identically the same impression,



will they not still call it by different names? We suspect this will partly account for a strange discovery of Mr. Poey, of Havannah, who finds, on tabulating the recorded instances of meteors, large and small, that in the Chinese observations, compound colors prevail, while in the European observations simple primitive colors. Thus, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have noted only 5 blue meteors, while Baden Powell mentions 326; but 525 yellowish red ones, while he on the contrary recognizes no such compound color. But do the Chinese describe a color exactly as we do? Certainly, if their 305 whitish blue and 20 bluish white meteors be added to their 5 blue, it makes 330, which agrees well enough with the 326 blue, *plus* 46 bluish and 11 white-blue, or 383 in all, of the English lists, especially as the English observations that form the basis of Poey's calculations are a little more numerous than the Chinese. Again, the 525 yellowish red meteors are somewhat counterbalanced by a much larger proportion both of red and of yellow, and 107 orange. Our theory, however, is scarcely capable of accounting for the fact noticed by Mr. Poey, that "Chinese observations show a remarkable constancy of tints during a long period of years; when an equally constant but different scale of color prevails, and this for several successive periods." It will be long before our observations can indicate whether there be such a secular variation. One point of agreement has particularly struck us on comparing these lists, the almost total absence of green, and of indigo or purple meteors.

Another notable phenomenon is the apparent change of color that takes place in meteors during their course; sometimes the change is very striking: thus a meteor seen at Bombay, on the 19th of March, 1849, was, by the account of several parties, one of the rare instances of green, but "when it exploded, it seemed resolved into a mass of red embers." Again, our old friend the meteor of February 11th, 1850, is thus described by one who saw it at Lambeth:

"As it brightened, it displayed the most lively colors, which could be distinctly traced to the radial colors produced by the sun—at one period green, violet (deep), pale red, &c., and their effects through the thin stratum of clouds which were in its path were most gorgeous."

Mr. Lowe says, in 1849, "I have seen them alter their colors from blue to red, and in one instance saw a meteor of a blue color give out orange-red sparks. Mr. Hind tells me he saw a green meteor turn to a crimson color;" and last year he himself records a meteor that "when first seen was green, then changed to orange, and then to red. These changes took place suddenly without altering the size of the meteor."

But while the incandescent meteors appear generally red, orange, or blue, may we conclude that these are really the prevalent colors in the light that starts from them? We fear such would be a rash conclusion; indeed, were it consistent with the limits and scope of this article, it would be easy to show that such phenomena must give rise to optical illusions in respect to color, and that to an extent which we think has never been appreciated by those who have hitherto written on the subject. Differences by intensity, contrast, and the absorbent power of clouds and murky atmosphere, must all be taken into account before we can determine that changes of color really indicate changes in the refrangibility of the light given off by the shining mass. One point only we would mention here. Poey remarks, mainly from the observations of Coulvier Gravier, at Paris, "that changes in color in the course of the meteor are usually from white near the zenith to blue near the horizon, but sometimes from white to red." It is attempted to apply to these cases the theory by which M. Doppler seeks to explain the changing colors of certain stars; but as that theory requires the relative position of the luminous body and the observer to alter at something like the rate of 50,000 miles per second, we may dismiss it summarily. The real explanation we believe to be simply this: light of whatever refrangibility, as Helmholtz has shown, if very intense, appears white, or nearly so, hence the whiteness of the fiery meteor when just over our heads; but as the intensity diminishes, whether by simple distance or by having to traverse a greater space of atmosphere, the color proper to the refrangibility, whether blue, red, or any other, becomes apparent to our eye.

To return to shooting-stars. Perhaps all our readers have seen these beautiful objects on some clear evening, when

"There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars,"

falling in showers, as though a sudden frenzy had seized the bright eyes which usually look down so calmly from the silent spheres, or that the bands of Orion were loosed, or the stars in their courses were literally fighting, not against the Canaanitish chieftain, but against each other. Ancient records tell of stars falling on certain occasions like "a rain of fire," or "as thick as hail," or "like a shower of locusts;" and modern times have witnessed some magnificent displays of the like kind. One of the most brilliant of these took place in the United States, on the night of the 12th of November, 1833. Professor Olmsted gives a detailed account, of which the following is the substance:

"The meteors began to attract notice by their frequency as early as nine o'clock on the evening of the 12th November. The exhibition became strikingly brilliant about eleven o'clock, but most splendid of all about four o'clock, and continued with but little intermission until darkness merged in the light of day. A few large fire-balls were seen even after the sun had risen. The entire extent of the exhibition is not ascertained, but it covered no inconsiderable portion of the earth's surface. It has been traced from the longitude of  $61^{\circ}$  in the Atlantic Ocean to longitude of  $100^{\circ}$  in Central Mexico, and from the North American lakes to the southern side of the island of Jamaica. Everywhere within these limits the first appearance was that of fireworks of the most imposing grandeur covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fireballs resembling sky-rockets. . . . The meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point (in the constellation Leo). They set out at different distances from this point, and proceeded with immense velocity, describing, in some instances, an arc of  $30^{\circ}$  or  $40^{\circ}$  in less than four seconds. . . . A few observers reported that they heard a hissing noise like the rushing of a sky-rocket, and slight explosions like the bursting of the same body. It does not appear that any substance reached the ground which could be clearly established to be a residuum or deposit from the meteors. An observer at Boston estimated that the number exhibited every quarter of an hour would be 10,000; and as the phenomenon continued for seven hours, the total number must have greatly exceeded 280,000; inasmuch as this estimate was based on observations when the density of the stars was much less than its maximum."

It will be remembered that this shower took place on the night of the 12th of November; and one of the most remarkable and suggestive facts about these great displays is, that they occur annually about that date, and about the 10th August. Other periods, also, have been noticed, though not so frequently, about April 23, July 26, December 7, &c. We say about, for they do not appear particular in keeping their appointments with the earth, to a day or two, and they occasionally miss a year. But these periods vary. If, with M. Biot, we examine the records kept by the Chinese during different dynasties, we find that, B.C. 687, when Manasseh was reigning in Judea, and before Media, Macedon, and Rome were powers in the earth, a great star shower appeared on March 23, and the next similar entry is on the 27th of the same month. Distinct periods occur in these records of the Celestial Empire about July 22, October 14, April 13, but never once near August 10, or November 12. Or if, with M. Chasles, we hunt up the old chronicles and monastic tales, we shall find that the heavens have shot lances of fire, year after year, on February 1, October 17, the middle of March, and that on April 4, for many years, at the end of the eleventh century, "nearly all the stars ran like dust carried by the wind."

It is a singular fact that, if we compare the forty-six notable cases in Chasles' catalogue with the fifty most remarkable Chinese showers we find only one date common to the two lists—namely, October 14, A.D. 934. And whereas we find the July 23 period remarkably regular in China about A.D. 830 and 920, those two periods in Europe were marked by showers in February. The idea has been thrown out that there is a secular progression of these periods, but a careful comparison of the observations on record has led us to feel doubtful on this point; and to believe that the periods remain stationary for awhile, and then are exchanged for other periods; the same kind of intermission of regularity occurring in reference to centuries which we have already noted in the annual recurrence of these magnificent phenomena. That there has not been the variation of a day in the August period for some centuries is proved by a church calendar existing in Christ College, Cambridge, where the 10th of that month, St. Lawrence's Day, is marked

by the word *Meteorodes*; and it was a common legend, that the saint wept fiery tears on his anniversary.

Other generalizations have been made in respect to these showeꝛs; thus:

"The number of meteors varies through the successive hours, from six p.m. to six a.m., by a regular increase up to the last-named hour. The number which appear in the east is more than double the number originating in the west; those from north and south nearly equal. In other words, nearly two-thirds of the whole number originate in the eastern hemisphere of the sky."

By the simultaneous observations of astronomers in different places, it has been computed by Mr. Walker that their velocity averages eighteen miles and a quarter per second, though some fly through space at the rate of twenty-four, and others glide along at the rate of only nine miles per second—sluggish meteors, content to travel at only forty times the speed of a cannon-ball. More recent computations have given the average speed at thirty-eight miles, or twice the velocity of the earth itself. From fourteen observations made at Breslau and Vienna, it was found that the visible path of the shooting stars averaged twenty-two miles and a half, and the mean duration of their light a little over a second. The height above the earth of course varies greatly, and must vary in different parts of the meteor's course. As a rule, no doubt the brighter bodies are nearer to us, some ten, others fifty miles, perhaps, above our heads, while the faint streaks, which appear like stars of the smallest magnitude, are generally at a far greater altitude; and instances are not wanting where the telescope has revealed streaming showers which the unaided eye could not detect. In the case of a shower of stars they appear in general to stream from one fixed point in the heavens, and even to have a kind of point of convergence in the opposite hemisphere. Their courses are usually downwards; but this is not always the case, for by coincident observations some have been shown to move horizontally with the earth, and others positively upwards! Their apparent course is that of a curve, but this is partly due to perspective; and sometimes a wandering star will be seen to pursue a zigzag, uncertain course, or, after proceeding straight and steadily for awhile,

suddenly to fly off at a sharp angle, and lose itself in the darkness.

From our present high position let us review the theories which men have framed as to the origin of meteorities. First, we may dismiss all hypotheses founded on superstition, and decide in our own minds that these strange phenomena are as amenable to the ordinary laws of God's universe as the quiet moon herself, and as open to human investigation. When, however, we think how many know little of the Supreme, save what an uneasy conscience drives them to apprehend, we do not wonder at such statements as the following from the reports of Dr. Buist:

"The oldest people in Malacca say they never witnessed such a thing before, and many, not knowing its real nature, consider it a portentous omen for evil. Some very sagely prophesy that there will be war, others that rice will be dearer; and others again aver that the world will soon be at an end. The Malays say that it is an Antooapi, or fire-spirit, sent to destroy some wicked man's house; and others, that it is the serpent of the sun which has got loose, and is going its peregrinations. We understand that a Chinaman, who had been sickly for some time previously, was so terrified by the appearance, that he sank down in a fit and instantly expired."

Let us summon the different scientific theories before our tribunal. The venerable dictum that these stones fall from the sun utters its voice first, but when asked for arguments it has none to offer. Then comes a modest suggestion that they may have been thrown up by some volcano, and have fallen down again a long way off. But on referring to the total dissimilarity of these stones from any known lavas, and the immense distance at which they sometimes fall from any active volcano, and their great rapidity, the supposition retires. A rash exclamation of "Why, to be sure, they were made in the upper regions of the atmosphere like hailstones, and fall like them, too," is heard, with a confused talk about gases, and electricity, and diamagnetism; but our theorist is reminded that there is abundance of water in the clouds to make hail of, and he is passed by till he can manufacture a ball of iron weighing 1000 lbs. without any metal, but merely by coaxing together unknown gases, which if like their fellows have an unlimited power of diffusibility, and keep it floating aloft while

It is being made, and then fling it down in a slanting direction with thirty times the force of a cannon-ball. Then comes the theory that they are projected from lunar volcanoes with an initial velocity of 8000 feet per second, which would be sufficient to carry them within the sphere of the earth's preponderating attraction; and this theory brings with it much authority, terminating with the paper of Professor Smith, from which we have already quoted. But while it cannot be disproved, it is very unfortunate for its acceptance that all the recent examinations of the volcanoes on our side of the moon have shown them in the repose of death, their fires gone out; and the theory leaves unaccounted for the rapidity of their descent and the number and periodicity of the falling stars, if indeed these latter phenomena are connected, as we cannot help thinking, with the meteoric stones. The bold theory of Chladni then demands a hearing—namely, that these mysterious bodies are revolving as little planets round the sun, and are rendered visible only when they enter our atmosphere, sometimes passing along in their orbits, disturbed no doubt, but not stopped, by the nearness of their gigantic sister, and sometimes drawn irresistibly to her. This *cosmical theory*, as it is termed, supposes likewise that these lilliputian planets congregate in long clusters or rings, the orbits of which cut the plane of the ecliptic about the point which the earth occupies on August 10, November 13, &c. Now this theory, bold as it is, has gained the suffrages of most living astronomers, for it harmonizes all the observed facts, the non-terrestrial character of the stones, the force of their descent, the rapidity of the luminous meteors, and especially the periodicity and common direction of the star showers.

We accept this cosmical theory as the best that offers itself, though we see one great difficulty. It supposes our earth, a solid sphere of 8000 miles in diameter, to overtake or be overtaken by a flock of hundreds of thousands of little pieces of metal, and that those which are visible are all within say 300 miles of the large sphere. How is it possible that by far the greater portion of these little pieces should pass or be passed by the huge globe without being swept into it, or striking themselves against it? It might happen once, that the orbit of such a cluster should

come within 300 miles of that of the great globe, but never cut its actual path; but it is inconceivable that with all the perturbations to which all the bodies concerned are subject, this should happen year after year, and not with one cluster only, but with all those which have appeared as a rain of fire. And yet there is no case on record where a shower of falling stars has been attended with a shower of stones. As we cannot believe that these myriads of little planets should be confined to a small belt which circles the path of the earth, and is not one-twentieth of its diameter, must we give up the idea that the falling stars, the larger meteors and the fireballs that rain down stones, are connected phenomena, or may we imagine that in a large majority of instances the solid mass is extremely small, and is dissipated to powder in the upper regions of our atmosphere? Or may we imagine that our large planet and these minute planets are insulated bodies, strongly charged with the same kind of electricity, and thus the small bodies fly from our path as we approach? We have never seen this idea broached, but it would account also for the upward motion seen in some shooting stars. The idea that these clusters are revolving round the earth in eccentric orbits will not explain their *annual* recurrence; and the hypothesis that we sweep through outlying portions of the zodiacal light must wait till we know something more about that appearance, and whether it is really caused by solid matter.

"Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,

Qui file, file et disparaît,"

sang Béranger, but what a strange tale does it tell, not to the poet only, but to the philosopher! His eyes are opened, not as Obeon's were, when

"Certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music;"

but as one who catches some stray notes of that music of the spheres, sounded in solemn chorus by the great planets and their attendant moons, the asteroids and comets, and the world-dust, which revolve with a never ceasing melody round the all-attracting sun. And should some portion of this dust be flung upon our globe, what strange news does it bring of the materials of extra-terrestrial orbs! From the circumstances of its descent we cannot say whether, in its own sphere, it possessed an atmosphere, or mimicked our



seas and clouds, but there it lies, a lump—like, and yet unlike our rocks—like, in containing no element but what we are familiar with, and presenting the same modes of crystallization and chemical combination, but unlike, in its deficiency of some of our commonest elements.\* How strange, too, that the iron should be mixed with nickel, cobalt, chromium, and manganese, the metals most closely allied to it in chemical properties, and having nearly the same atomic weight, and that though oxygen enters into the composition of the silicates, there is not sufficient to combine with the iron or phosphorus. Well does Humboldt say:

"Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies, solely by measurement, by calculation, and by the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and analyze a substance appertaining to the world without: the imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated by a spectacle in which the uncultivated mind sees only a train of fading sparks in the clear sky, and apprehends in the black stone which falls from the thunder-cloud only the rude product of some wild force of nature."

These sublimary phenomena have afforded us so much matter for remark that we fear we can do but scanty justice to comets, those marvellous bodies which sweep in strange curves through the solar system, and by their sudden appearance in the skies have often affrighted whole nations. About their extraterrestrial nature there can be no doubt; indeed, our acquaintance with them is precisely opposite in its character to our knowledge of meteoric stones; we can form no conception of the materials of which they are constituted, or of the physical laws which regulate some of their phenomena, but we can trace out with great accuracy their path in space, and in many instances predict the time of their return. The two treatises which we have placed at the head of this article are valuable contributions to our knowledge of this subject, by the well-known astronomer, Mr. Hind. The one gives, in a concise and very intelligible form, a description of whatever is known respecting comets; the other discusses, in a popular manner, all the astronomical questions that have reference to the comet-panic of this summer.

As to the number of comets, it is impossible to come to any definite conclusion. Mr.

\* This difference was forcibly pointed out some years ago in this Review by a well-known scientific writer.

Hind gives a list of six hundred and seven that have been described in Chinese or European annals; but on the one hand many of these are successive visitations of the same comet, while on the other hand, until the invention of the telescope, it was only those of great magnitude which could be seen. In the first half of the present century, eighty were observed, and during the year which is now terminating, six at least have been recorded. We may safely conclude, therefore, that there are many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these bodies revolving round the sun in orbits all very elliptical, and sometimes so long that they approach closely to the form of the parabola, and cutting the plane of the ecliptic at every angle, some in the order of the signs and others retrograde. Each one of these is sometimes flying near the sun with marvellous rapidity, and sweeping round the sphere of fire its ever changing tail, sometimes slowly wending its way, like a little cloud, through trackless space, cold and dark, but still obedient to the potent force which chains it to the central orb, and will draw it back at length among the nearer planets. The periods of many of these bodies have been determined very accurately—that of Encke's comet is not quite three years and four months, that of Biela's six years and a half, and several others have somewhat analogous periods, including that of Faye, which is expected to be seen next October, by those who have good telescopes. Then there are the magnificent Halley's comet, and four others, which have periods of about seventy-five years, and many which take a still longer and wider sweep into those dreary depths that sever our solar system from the nearest fixed stars. The movements of one that was observed from Paris, in 1844, indicated a periodic time of 102,050 years, subject to an uncertainty of about 3090 years! This uncertainty is an important feature of their revolutions, distinguishing them from the solid planets, which in their nearly circular orbits keep exact time, and it arises from their extreme levity which enables them to be drawn aside by Jupiter and every other weighty globe.

Many of our readers will remember the comet of 1843, which appeared first in southern regions, but, anticipating the mails, surprised our English astronomers by its sudden passage above their horizon. It far exceeded Venus in brilliancy, and was accompanied by a tail usually  $45^\circ$  in length, but on one occasion measuring  $65^\circ$ . It approached within 96,000 miles of the sun, that is, 1000 times nearer than we are, and then passed away, not to return, probably, for 376 years. Its nucleus was estimated at 5000 miles in diameter, and it "exhibited a brilliant train that

on different dates was found to attain the enormous distance of 150, 180, and 200 millions of miles from the head; yet this wonderful appendage was formed in less than three weeks."

But we must have a word about these nuclei and tails. A comet always has a round head, which looks like a little cloud, thickened in the middle, though whether any portion be ever solid is very doubtful. When this nebulous ball approaches the sun, it generally throws out a tail in a direction opposite to that luminary, straight for some millions of miles, and then often curving like a sabre; and there are sometimes most remarkable luminous jets which shoot out towards the sun, and are then "suddenly forced back again upon the nucleus or curved round in the direction of the tail, on either side of the head—a phenomenon irreconcilable with the principles of gravitation alone." Then certain vibrations or oscillations have been observed, as, when in Halley's comet, "the matter of the tail seemed to be emitted in violent jets and streams, as if from orifices or fissures in the anterior part of the nucleus." It is demonstrable that some optical delusion must be connected with this appearance. Biela's comet was seen a few years since to split into two, which are each now pursuing their independent courses round the sun.

These bodies shine by reflected light, and generally are colored white or pale blue, though sometimes red, orange, or even green. They must be thinner, incomparably thinner than the thinnest wreaths of vapor, the cirri which appear in our upper atmosphere, for the light of stars suffers no visible refraction in passing through them, nor any diminution of brightness. Indeed, from some cause or other, an increase of brilliancy has been sometimes observed. The matter which will permit this is about as unknown on earth as are the forces which produce the jets and the enormous tail, and keep it in so remarkable a position towards the sun.

The fear of comets appears to have passed through two stages:

"Prior to the advent of the famous comet of 1680, which excited astonishment throughout the world from its extraordinary size, these mysterious objects were regarded merely with a superstitious awe, as the omens of evil to mankind, foreboding war and pestilence, famine, earthquakes, inundations, and a host of other dire consequences. Louis le Debonnaire, when asked why he evinced a dread of the comet of 837, which was flaming in the sky, replied, to the effect, that he felt no fear of the comet itself, but he was alarmed at the 'signification of that sign,' in this instance, his own death."

In 1066, the year of the Norman Conquest, a comet (supposed now to have been Halley's) shook its sabre-like tail over Europe; but, though it menaced the independence of England, no more substantial blow was feared.

At the end of the seventeenth century, however, Halley, Whiston, and other learned men wrote about comets as though they might strike our earth, or do injury by mixing with our atmosphere. Hence the popular alarm has taken a more material form, and men who would laugh at presages dread a collision. Most strikingly was this exhibited in the past summer. It was reported that an enormous comet was to strike the earth, or brush it with its tail, on the 13th of June, and as the awful day approached, though no one knew whence the prophecy originated, multitudes on the Continent, and in this country, felt the infection of fear; popular orators caught up the subject, pamphlets were written and extensively bought;\* and when the day arrived, though no comet had been observed approaching, many awaited 'certain' death, or took absurd precautions to prevent it, removing from town to country, or *vice versa*, or lying in bed! And many far removed from the ignorant multitude felt an uneasiness, which generally seemed to assume the form that, if the comet came near the earth it would produce great heat, though we never found such parties capable of meeting the objection that, as the strange visitor would come from so enormous a distance from the sun's influence, he must be intensely cold, if, indeed, he were not a film of frost.

But the comet did not come. Mr. Hind's book tells us what foundations there were for the panic. It appears that in 1264 a splendid comet became visible, which, according to our old friends the Chinese, had a train 100° long, while European astronomers who saw it from the middle of July till October 2, "the night of the death of Pope Urban IV.," assign it nearly the same extent. In 1556, appeared the wonderfully bright but tailless comet of Charles V., the track of which was carefully observed at the time, and which there are fair reasons for thinking was the same body as appeared in 1264. If so, it should appear about this time, the 292

\* One of these, entitled *Will the Comet Strike the Earth?* was a literary curiosity, as it consisted in a great measure of long extracts taken verbatim from the eloquent lecture on "the Prophet of Horeb," delivered by the Rev. Morley Punshan at Exeter Hall, before the Young Men's Christian Association, but inserted without acknowledgement, or even inverted commas, into a waste of most ineloquent and incongruous writing. The conclusion arrived at in the pamphlet was delightfully vague—the comet might strike the earth or it might not.

years between the previous visits having been lengthened by the causes of perturbation to three centuries. The previous observations are unfortunately not very exact, and our author sums up thus:

"An attentive consideration of the various points leads us to infer that the comet of 1556 will return between the years 1857 and 1861 (always supposing it to be the same as that of 1264), but that it is impracticable to determine the exact epoch with the imperfect data in our possession. There are one or two reasons why a preference might be claimed for the year 1858: not, however, of sufficient importance to outweigh the evidence in favor of a later period."

Should this comet return there is still absolutely no reason for thinking it will come into contact with the earth, indeed its calculated orbit lies in a different direction, and the chances are many millions to one against it; but supposing it or some similar stranger were actually to do so, if there be a solid nucleus a blow might be given, but if the body really consist of such films as we presume, there would be rather less likelihood of its damaging the solid globe or drawing it away from its orbit, than there is of a light mist blown against an express train injuring the iron locomotive by its collision or throwing it off the rails. We are not left, however, wholly to *a priori* reasoning to determine what would be the effect on our stability of a comet coming close to the earth.

"More than one comet we know has experienced an entire change of orbit from approaching near the great planet Jupiter, by far the most massive in the system. The comet of 1770 on two occasions became entangled among the satellites of this planet. In descending towards the sun in July, 1779, so large were the perturbations it underwent, that instead of completing its revolution, and paying us a visit in the year 1780 or thereabouts, it was thrown off into quite a different path which will not permit of its coming sufficiently near the sun to be within reach even of our most powerful telescopes. The distance between the comet and Jupiter towards the end of July, 1779, was little more than 450,000 miles, or about the distance of the second of his moons. We might thence infer that if the comet possessed any attraction, *i.e.*, if it were sufficiently massive to attract, it must have reacted upon Jupiter and his satellites, and have left unmistakable signs of its having passed in their vicinity, either by diminishing or lengthening their periods of revolution, or by distorting in some way or other the relative positions of the paths they described prior to the comet's appearance amongst them.

Yet we have positive proof that no such effects followed, and are therefore justified in concluding that the mass of the comet was excessively small. Had a *solid* body of cometary dimensions traversed the system of Jupiter in the same way the results would doubtless have been widely different, and the *Jovian Times* might have announced some awkward facts."

It is of source impossible to say what effect the mixing of a comet's atmosphere with our own might have, or what derangement in compasses and telegraphs, or in the general electrical equilibrium of our sphere might ensue. But we may safely conclude that such an encounter would be very awkward—for the comet. Nevertheless, there is only just the merest possibility that we or our grandchildren should ever astonish by our impact one of these airy visitors, and exchange our present speculation for experimental knowledge.

There is one point connected with these bodies which we have not yet alluded to, namely, the acceleration observed in the periods of Encke's comet. The amount of this is small, but regular, and it is precisely what would happen were there some slight resisting medium, causing the comet to gravitate ever nearer and nearer the sun. Now, the commonly received theory of light supposes the presence of an ether throughout the whole visible universe incomparably thinner than air, but still material, and thus, perhaps, capable of affecting the flight of so unsubstantial a body. This is the explanation usually given; but an American astronomer suggests that Encke's comet may be interfered with by the meteorites, myriads of which are supposed to occupy the space between the earth and the sun. The fact that this comet approaches the great luminary within a third of the distance of our orbit is very consistent with this view, but we doubt whether the acceleration would be so regular were it due to the passage of nebulous matter through irregular groups of little planetoids. With comets, indeed, speculation has been busy: some contend that these nebulous films are globes in the process of formation, that they are gradually condensing, and becoming more circular in their orbits—nay, that some have condensed into meteoric stones—while others see in the strange movements of the jets and tail new polar forces of wondrous energy. We await further observations, and the conjoined thinking of the physicist and astronomer. Let us now stop lest, leaving the bright sun of ascertained truth, we should ourselves fly off in an eccentric path to the dim regions of hypothesis.

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